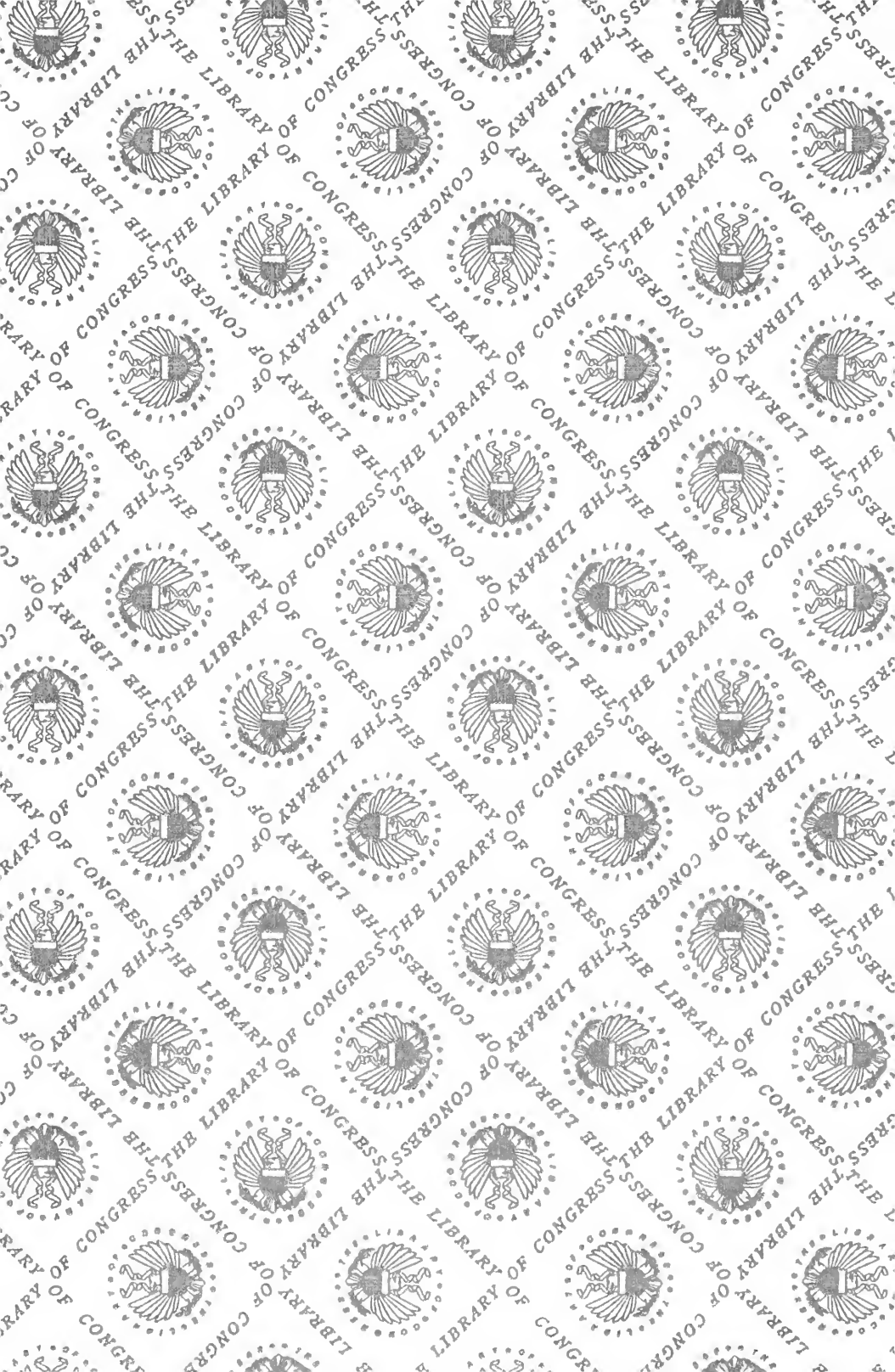
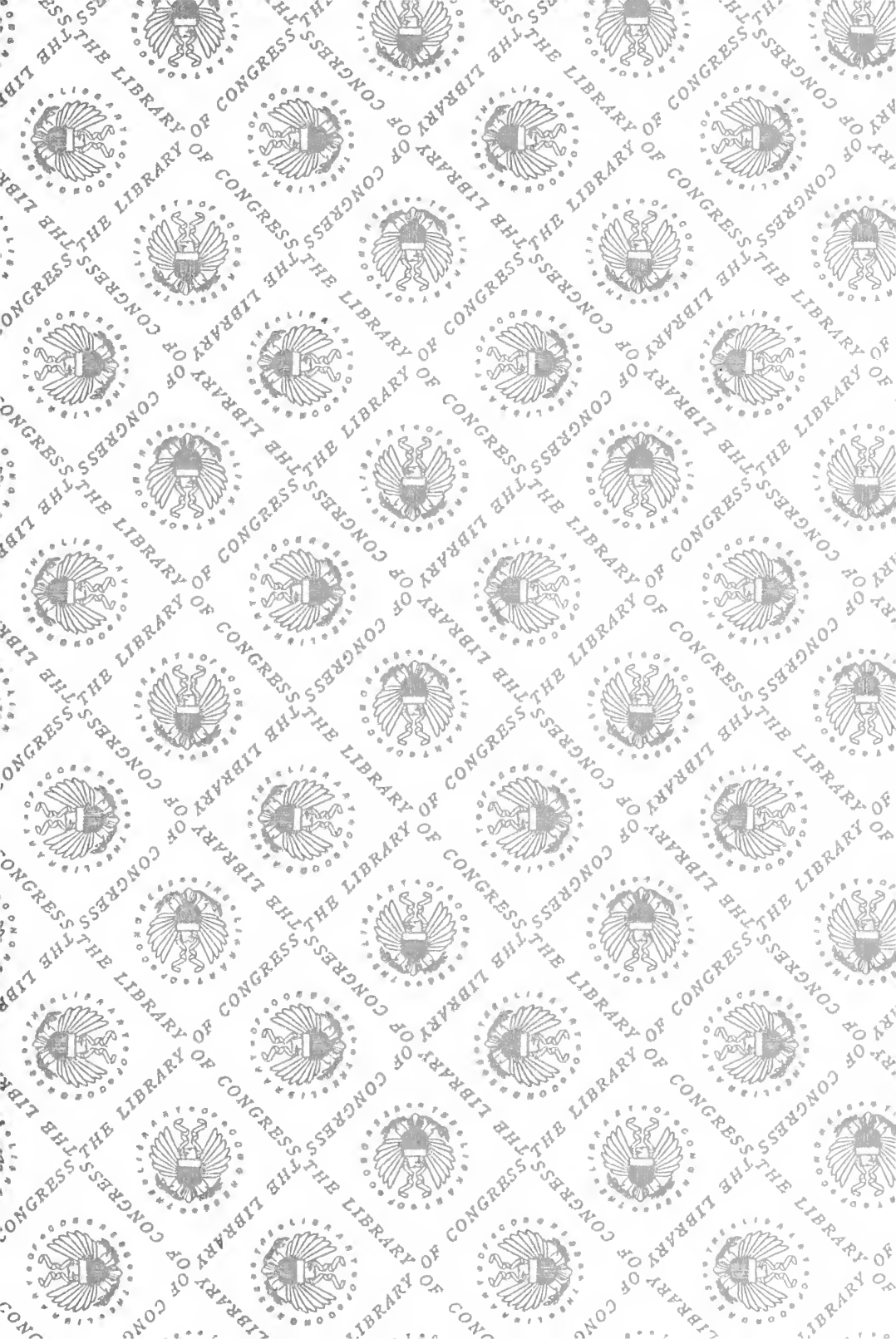










THE BIBLE IN SHAKSPEARE

A STUDY OF THE RELATION OF
THE WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE TO THE BIBLE

WITH NUMEROUS PARALLEL PASSAGES, QUOTA-
TIONS, REFERENCES, PARAPHRASES AND ALLUSIONS

BY WILLIAM BURGESS

AUTHOR OF "LAY SERMONS FROM BIBLE AND SHAKSPEARE"
"LAND, LABOR AND LIQUOR," ETC., ETC.



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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I

The loss, by fire, of all the manuscripts of this work, together with the corrected proof-sheets, explains the delay of its publication so long after the date announced by advertisement and prospectus. On December 30, 1902, the entire plant and buildings of the printing establishment having the work in hand, were totally destroyed on the eve of completing the proofs, together with my work of years.

It became necessary therefore to prepare the matter again from partial copy, and notes in hand. The verification of the large number of references and quotations, a second time, entailed a great amount of labor, but the author hopes and believes that the work has not suffered in point of accuracy.

The preparation of this work from the beginning, has been attended with a full share of author's troubles, the particulars of which, however, are not of general interest.

No thought of publication was in mind when the study of the subject was entered upon twelve years ago. Certain platform utterances and magazine articles, as to the so-called "absence of religion in Shakspeare," attracted the author's attention and he found that there existed a rather general thought of the great dramatist as irreligious, or at least that his works indicate indifference to the subject of the Christian religion.

These statements and opinions awakened an interest in the study as a matter of personal interest but the evidence against them was found to be so abundant and conclusive that it amounts to a revelation. Moreover it did not appear that the subjects embraced in "The Bible in Shakspeare" were before the public, in any way available to the ordinary student or reader.

The author is not vain enough to regard this work as the best that can be said or done upon the subject. It is quite likely that other minds may be turned in the same direction who will present further and more profound study.

Already we have, in Denton J. Snider's Commentaries, a valuable contribution to the study of the moral questions involved in the great Shakspeare, and while we write these prefatory words another volume

comes to hand by Prof. Frank C. Sharp, of the University of Wisconsin, on "Shakspeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life." This book contains much that is valuable and interesting to the general study of the question stated in the title, but it seems to us that Prof. Sharp makes far too much of the absurdities of the stories of the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* and other plays. No one cares to enquire closely into the reasonableness or otherwise of the story of "the pound of flesh" or the improbable conditions on which Antonio is alleged to have sought and found a loan of two thousand ducats. In studying the moral teachings of Shakspeare we do not concern ourselves about the fictions which he employed as the scaffolding from which to build his structure, any more than we stay to ask whether *Æsop's* fables are facts, when we apply their moral.

The reader is informed that the King James version of the Bible has been used in all Scripture quotations for this volume. There is no uniform standard text of Shakspeare's works so that it may be found that some quotations differ a little from the versions in the hands of the reader. These differences, however, are not of sufficient importance to affect their general accuracy or value.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

II

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CHRISTIAN?

It is not here intended to claim Shakspeare as a theological student, or that he ever set himself the task of propagating any set of religious doctrines. It is acknowledged that "he is the poet of secular humanity."

Yet he did not treat sacred themes as distinct from the secular; but he saw the divine in the human, the spiritual in the secular and he made them manifest in his own great way, sometimes in glimpses, at others, in flames of light.

It is claimed, however, that he drew largely from the Bible for his loftiest thoughts and noblest inspirations; that he employed Scripture teachings, facts, poetry, philosophy and language in his writings; that he was a sincere believer in the teachings of Scripture and that he accepted the orthodox views, current in his day, of the main doctrines of the Christian religion.

These claims are established by a large number of affinities, allusions, references, paraphrases and quotations to Scripture text and teaching, which are taken from almost every part of Shakspeare's works. That these are not accidental, but bear the marks of design or purposed reference, is beyond all doubt when their number, frequency and circumstances are considered. These quotations are so accurate in spirit and application, the allusions so numerous and apposite, the historic references so varied and correct, that only one acquainted with the Scriptures could have so employed them.

The question naturally arises;—by what means did Shakspeare become so well versed in the Scriptures?

In Shakspeare's time the Bible was the standard literature of his country. The time had passed away when "the translation and reading of the Bible in the common tongue" was treated as "heresy and a crime punishable by fire." It was no longer a forbidden book, but was the one book, *almost the only book*, within the reach of the common people. If Shakspeare had the advantage of any book in his early home that book was probably the Bible. Indeed it is probable that no other books were

available to him, during his early days, except perhaps Plutarch and such glimpses of history and the classics, as he could obtain in his lessons at school.

Erasmus had said, only a few years before, "I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of the Scriptures to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveler shall while away, with their stories, the weariness of his journey."

That time had come. The days of the Reformation were at hand. The poetry and the songs of the people were of the psalms and prophecies. The whole atmosphere of social, and even political life, was charged with the inbreathing of old testament law and of new testament gospel.

The picture which Green has given us in his "History of the English People" graphically sets forth the marvelous relation which the Bible at that time sustained to the country:—"No greater moral change ever passed over a nation. England became the people of a book and that book was the Bible. It was as yet, the one English book that was familiar to every Englishman; it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force or beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. . . . No history, no romance, no poetry, save the little-known verses of Chaucer, existed for any practical purpose in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round Bonner's Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legends and annals, war song and psalm, State-rolls and biographies, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of the Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by the sea and among the heathen philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. . . . But far greater than its effects upon literature or social phase was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large. . . . The whole moral effect which is produced nowadays by the religious newspaper, the tract, the essay, the lecture, the missionary report, the sermon, was then produced by the Bible alone. And its effect in this way, however dispassionately we examine it, was simply amazing. The whole temper of the nation was changed. A new conception of life and of man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class. . . . The whole nation became, in fact, a church."

Now, when it is recalled that this great moral wave, under the influence of the Bible, swept over the country during the period of Shakspeare's life and work, it will be easy to perceive that a wondrous daily flood of light and inspiration must have come to his mind from this source.

But even this does not tell all the story. This period was the immediate forerunner of that splendid age of the Puritans which gave us Milton, Bunyan, Hooker and others, and which created an irresistible demand for an authorized version of the English Bible such as could be available and acceptable to the common people.

The reign of Elizabeth was followed by James I and he was wise enough to appreciate the spirit of the times. He appointed a Counsel of the most learned scholars of the day, selecting them from the various schools of learning, and of the church, of whom the names of forty-seven are preserved to us.¹

The work of translating the Bible was undertaken by this learned body in 1604 and concluded in 1611. These, with the five years that followed, were the greatest of Shakspeare's life, during which he wrote his greatest dramas. He died in 1616.

Thus, during all the period of his life, the Bible was the most popular theme of conversation and discussion, growing more and more, into general use and public esteem, until it became the most absorbing topic of political and general interest, culminating in the greatest and most abiding work of literary translation and study that has ever been given to the world.

A Shakspeare who was not saturated with Bible idiom, language and thought, in such an age would be inconceivable.

A perusal of the parallel passages in which, in this volume, Bible quotations are placed side by side with those from Shakspeare will show that, while very few texts are quoted *verbatim*, yet the use of biblical characters, facts, figures, doctrines and laws, in the author's own language, is so common as to constitute one of the most remarkable of the many marvels of Shakspeare.

An English author of half a century ago writes as follows:—"In storing his mind, Shakspeare went first to the word and then to the works of God. In shaping the truths derived from these sources he obeyed the instinct implanted by him who had formed him,—Shakspeare. Hence his power of inspiring us with sublime affection for that which is properly good and of chilling us with horror by his fearful delineations of evil. Shakspeare perpetually reminds us of the

¹ Encyclopedia Britannica. Article on the English Bible.

"Bible. . . . A passage, for instance, rises in our thoughts unaccompanied by a clear recollection of its origin. Our first impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or Shakspeare. No other author excites the same feeling in equal degree. In Shakspeare's plays religion is a vital and active principle sustaining the good, tormenting the wicked, influencing the heart and lives of all."¹

A more recently published work gives this:—"We believe that the home education of William Shakspeare was grounded on the Bible, and that if this Book had been sealed to his childhood he might have been the Poet of nature, of passion,—his humor might have been as rich as we find it and his wit as pointed, but that he would not have been the Poet of the most profound as well as the most tolerant philosophy; his insight into the nature of man (his meanness and his grandeur, his weakness and his strength) would not have been what it is."²

Dr. A. H. Strong, Pres. Rochester Theological Seminary, says:—"I challenge any man to find unbelief in the *dramatis personae* of Shakspeare's plays, except in cases where it is the manifest effect or excuse of sin, reproved by the context, or changed to fearful acknowledgment of the truth by the results of transgression. In his ethical judgments he never makes a slip; he is as sure-footed as a Swiss mountaineer; he depicts vice, but he does not make it alluring or successful."³

And as to the personal faith of the Poet the same writer remarks:—"There is no trace of Mariolatry, nor of dependence for salvation upon ritual and ceremony. . . . In an age of much clerical corruption he never rails at the clergy. While he has some most ungodly prelates his priests are all a credit to their calling. None of his characters are disseminators of scepticism. I cannot explain this except by supposing that Shakspeare was himself a believer. Though he was not a theological dogmatist, nor an ecclesiastical partisan, he was unwaveringly assured of the fundamental verities of the Christian scheme. Shakspeare had dug down through superficial formulas to the bed-rock of Christian doctrine. He held the truths which belong in common to all ages of the church. If any deny the personality of God or the deity of Christ, they have a controversy with Shakspeare. If any think it irrational to believe in man's depravity, guilt, and need of supernatural redemption, they must also be prepared to say that Shakspeare did not understand human nature."³

The manuscript of the present volume was nearly completed when the author received the compliment of a presentation copy of a new book

¹"Shakspeare and the Bible." By Rev. J. R. Eaton, Norwich, England.

²"Shakspeare's True Life." By Major Walter. (Longmans, 1890.)

³The Great Poets and their Theology, pp. 210, 211.

from London bearing the title of "The Christ in Shakspeare." The writer is a profound believer in the religious element in Shakspeare and especially in his Sonnets. He claims fifty of them as decidedly Christian in spirit and teaching. He says:—"Some true poets have written a few good hymns, yet amongst these none have succeeded in expressing their thoughts with the felicity and strength of these glorious sonnets, which harmoniously glow in perfect accord with the highest aspirations, to the honor and praise of him who is above all. It is no fancy but an admitted truth, that the spiritual mind of our author is brought to light by the light of the Bible and his deep musings therein found their delightful embodiment in a more poetic correspondence with one or more earthly friends. . . . Although the Poet's primary aim was not to display his spirituality to a general reader, if he ever pondered such a thing, he had never the wish to hide from his friend, or from anyone, the exalted views which he had derived from the study of the Scriptures."¹

About the same time came another indication of the growing disposition to interpret Shakspeare in the light of the Scriptures. The author of a pamphlet entitled "The Shakspearean Reconciliation" claims, in his thoughtful little treatise, that:—"Shakspeare's standpoint was a thorough understanding of the Bible as it is beginning to be understood in our days. The world in general, not being literary, has had to be taught by a laborious criticism that the Bible is literature and not science. Shakspeare recognized the poetry of the Biblical moralists with the same sure-glance with which he recognized his own poetry. In particular, in certain sayings of Christ, whence others drew dogma, he could perceive at once poetical synthesis; his own highest poetical quality."

The ordinary and natural reading of the Poet suffices to find religion in some way or other, breaking in at the most trivial incident and circumstance, as well as in the more striking events and distinguished characters. The pious phrases of the times are constantly in evidence. Indeed, the frequent use of Scripture language and pious exclamations by the grossest and vilest of persons is somewhat shocking to our sense of reverence. And yet this is one of the surest marks of the Poet's familiarity with the Bible, as well as a true index to his apprehension of every variety of human society.

That Shakspeare was a sincere believer in the Bible from which he drew so copiously, and in the doctrines taught therein, is a fact established beyond doubt. Pagan philosophy is, of course, fitly associated in

¹ "The Christ in Shakspeare." By Charles Ellis, London, 1897.

his dramas with the gods of its own creation. The Poet's works are a mirror of humanity and his pictures of heathenism are true to the subject.

But God was in his thoughts. He reverently acknowledges the God of the Bible in all His various attributes. He holds up to view the divine side of man. All his best men and women do homage to the Divine and his worst characters are shown to be in dread of the law of God and the ends of justice.

God, as distinct from pagan gods, is mentioned in at least thirty of his thirty-seven plays and nearly seven hundred times. As many as forty different terms or exclamations are employed in his references to the Divine Being, most of which are taken from the Bible. These are given together with the Shakspearean text in the chapter on "God in Shakspeare."

Frequent references are made to Jesus Christ as "Saviour," "Redeemer," "Lord" as may be seen in the chapter on "Scripture Themes." That these were in harmony with his own faith and not merely expressions accommodated to his characters is a necessary conclusion on reading the following paragraph taken from the opening paragraph of the "last will and testament of William Shakspeare":—

"I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

To this may be added the following from the Life of Shakspeare published in Knight's edition of his works:—"Whatever was the immediate cause of his last illness we may believe that the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope; and that he who had sought, perhaps more than any man, to look beyond the material and finite things of the world, should rest in the 'peace which passeth all understanding' in that assured belief which the opening of his will has expressed with far more than formal solemnity."

In face of such testimony, he must be wilfully blind who will deny that this man spoke the language of his own heart and soul, when he, at various times and through various characters exclaims:—

"The precious image of our dear Redeemer."

"The world's ransom, blessed Mary's son."

"By the death of him who died for all."

“ I charge you as you hope to have redemption.”

“ By Christ’s dear blood shed for our grievous sins.”

“ In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail’d
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

Thus it is seen that Shakspeare drank so deeply from the wells of Scripture that one may say, without any straining of the evidence, without the Bible Shakspeare could not be. And if it were possible to suppress every copy of the sacred volume and obliterate its very existence as a book, the Bible in its essence and spirit, its great doctrines of infinite justice, mercy, love and redemption, as well as a vast store of its most precious sayings, would yet live in Shakspeare.

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognize that he was a prophet in his own way, of an insight analogous to the prophetic, though he took up another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; unspeakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of!" That Scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of the sea.

We may say without offense, that there rises a kind of universal psalm out of this Shakspeare, too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony. I cannot call this Shakspeare a sceptic as some do; his indifference to creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No; neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his faith.

"The Hero as a Poet." Thomas Carlyle.

BOOK FIRST

The Ministry of the Poet

- I. *THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE*
- II. *A GREATER THAN GENIUS*

I

THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE

If Shakspeare were less than Shakspeare, the world would weary of his oft-repeated praises. As subject for essayist, poet or orator he is unequalled among men, save only, Jesus of Nazareth.

No other literary work, the Bible excepted, can justify the many commentaries, concordances, essays and lectures which have evolved from the dramas and poems of the bard of the Avon.

His genius is as a mountain which, like Mont Blanc of the Alps, overtops all others. But, for this very reason, he has often been viewed out of perspective. Perhaps, more frequently, the eye has been too much attracted toward some towering peak or projecting rock, to the exclusion of a more important or essential feature of the mountain.

This may explain why it is that the recognition of the Divine Being, the profound reverence for the Saviour of men, the assumption of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, the prophetic utterances on moral evils and social vices, the inculcation of Christian faith, practice and judgment, the frequent reference to and the dependence upon the Scriptures,—all so conspicuous and pervasive in Shakspeare,—are yet often ignored by literary critics, or treated with contempt by public teachers and lecturers. A prominent magazine writer tells us that "Shakspeare is remarkable among the poets for being without a philosophy and without a religion,"¹ Is not this the expression of those who look, not too much, but too exclusively, upon the genius of the drama and so overlook its spirit and the sources of its inspiration? If Shakspeare be Shakspeare because of that transcendent genius which was in him like the "wind which bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh" it is yet true that great geniuses, like great planets, are lighted by other and sometimes lesser stars than their own.²

¹G. Santayana in "The New World," Dec., 1896.

²"Whether it was by accident, or in some happy hour, we know not, that Shakspeare in conning the manuscript of some wretched drama, felt the glorious impulse which prompted the pen to strike out whole passages, and to interpolate whole scenes: that moment was the obscure birth of his future genius. "Aménities of Literature," Disraeli, Vol. II, p. 193.

What may be called the "Mystery of Shakspeare" is one of the most interesting and also one of the most puzzling of literary problems. How can we reconcile what little is known of William Shakspeare with the present universal sweep of his fame and the acknowledged supremacy of his works in the world of literature? How can we recognize in the young man of Stratford-on-Avon, whose education was hardly up to the present day grammar school standard, the author of the thirty-seven great dramas, which, together with the poems constitute not only, one of the greatest, but *the greatest* works of literary art ever evolved from the mind of any one man? How can we, in this twentieth century, acknowledge a strolling play-actor of three centuries ago, who never attained unto the literary circles of his own day, as the king whom we delight to crown the greatest of all in the literary world?

These questions stand in the light of the following facts:—

(a) Not a scrap of all the original manuscripts of all the works *that* bear the name of Shakspeare is known to exist.

(b) There is nothing in the records of Stratford-on-Avon, either in the local registers of events, in the records of the Courts or the Church, or in the known circumstances of the man to identify William Shakspeare with these works.

(c) The only original document we have as unquestionably Shakspeare's is his "Will," yet this "Will" does not make the slightest allusion to the manuscripts or printed copies of these works, or to any value or interest that might accrue from them to his heirs.

Briefly stated, this is the back-ground against which is thrown, the general announcement of the works which bear his name, as the products of William Shakspeare.

Against this back-ground, however, we are confronted with certain other facts, no less significant and still more definite and arbitrary.

1. These works are here. The plays and poems which the literary world and the publishers of his times, or shortly after, by common consent accredited to Shakspeare and which have been generally accredited to him, for nearly three hundred years, are not myths *but facts*. They are in our possession,—treasures of incomparable value. The *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet* and the history plays of England:—all these are present day possessions. They are tangible and real,—the monumental mountains of some great genius,—an inheritance that wasteth not, is not subject to moth, or rust, or decay of time, but continues to grow like an eternal Banyan tree with multiplying greatness and value.

2. Nor are they a miracle. Great and superlative as they are, they do not belong to the realm of the supernatural. "They are beyond all question, the products of human genius." While they sometimes mount up as on the wings of eagles and soar to realms of fancy and vision, they take their flight, like the English lark, from the ground. They are of the earth,—earthly: of the human,—humanly.

3. Nor are they of any other age than that attributed to them. No student of English history can, by any stretch of time or facts, place these works in any other period than that of the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth century.¹ Any denial therefore of Shakspeare as the author of these works must substitute the name of some other genius of the same period of time. To do this does not seem to have occurred to the literary men who were contemporary with Shakspeare, or who followed in a close line of succession. They had all the tradition and evidence of the times and, whatever else they thought of the plays, they regarded them, beyond doubt, as substantially the work of Shakspeare. Seven years after his death four booksellers formed a syndicate to publish an edition of the plays as the plays of William Shakspeare. Fifty years later Dryden mentions that "the plays of Shakspeare have become a little obsolete." For nearly a hundred years these plays lay almost wholly neglected "owing in part to the immediate revolution and rebellion and partly to the licentious tastes encouraged in Charles the Second's time and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his (Shakspeare's) works."² At the expiration of this period a revival of literary interest again occurred. Samuel Johnson and Alexander Pope each wrote an extended preface to their editions of Shakspeare and while they, especially Johnson, criticised them severely, it did not seem to enter their minds that there could be any doubt as to the authenticity of the works in general, although they questioned many parts of them as Un-Shakspearian.

¹ "Shakspeare came at the last hour which could have made room for him; twenty-five years later he would have been denied expression, or his free and comprehensive genius would have suffered serious distortion. The loveliness of Milton's earlier lyrics reflect the joyousness and freedom of the golden age of English dramatic poetry. The Puritan temper was silently or noisily spreading through the whole period of Shakspeare's career; within twenty-five years after his death it had closed the theaters and was making a desperate fight for the right to live according to conscience. Shakspeare arrived on the stage when the great schism which was to divide the English people had not gone beyond the stage of growing divergence of social and religious ideals; there was still a united England." "Shakspeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man." Hamilton W. Mabie.

² "Life of Shakspeare." By Dr. Alex. Chalmers, 1823.

The attempt, in recent years, to substitute the name of a scholar and a philosopher for that of Shakspeare as the author of these works has fallen and will soon be forgotten. A great scholar, like Bacon, could not have written these dramas even had he possessed the genius as well as the scholarship. As a scholar he could not have made the mistakes of Shakspeare.

As to the absence of the manuscripts, the perplexity is not removed but deepened, if it be deemed supposable that the works were written by Bacon instead of by Shakspeare. It is conceivable that a man of Shakspeare's habits and environment might place no value upon the written plays, except as stage property for which they were exclusively written. But we cannot conceive of a great scholar and philosopher working out from his intellectual consciousness so magnificent a work, as for example the play of Hamlet, without perceiving its literary merit and placing a value upon the manuscript for preservation and inheritance. We can see why Shakspeare might attach no value to those manuscripts for his heirs but it is not supposable in regard to a man who appreciated his own literary attainments, who was in a position to estimate their future value and who was so careful of the fame and reward which his talents and labor might bring.

Had Bacon written the masterpieces of poetic genius which are found in all the greater plays he could have found means to introduce them to his own world of literature and secure their recognition as such. But to Shakspeare this was a closed door. Plays written for the stage were not recognized in the realm of literature. When in 1586 (or thereabouts) Shakspeare went to London he found many plays in the green-room of the theater. Mr. Mabie has told the story of the public attitude towards such plays so well that we take the liberty to quote him again: —

"These plays were drawn from many sources; they were often composite; in many cases individual authorship had been forgotten, if it had ever been known; no sense of personal proprietorship attached to them; they belonged to the theater; many of them had been revised so many times by so many hands that all semblance of their first forms had disappeared; they were constantly changed by the actors themselves. These plays were, in some instances, not even printed; they existed only as unpublished manuscripts; in many cases a play did not exist as an entirety even in manuscript; it existed only in parts with cues for the different actors. The publication of a play was the very last thing desired by the writer, or by the theater to which it was sold and to which it belonged, and every precaution was taken to prevent a publicity which was harmful to the interests of author and owner. The exclusive ownership of successful plays was a large part of the capital of the theaters. Shorthand writers often took down the

speeches of actors, and in this way plays were stolen and surreptitiously printed; but they were full of all manner of inaccuracies, the verse passages readily becoming prose in the hands of unimaginative reporters, and the method was regarded as dishonorable. Reputable playwrights, having sold a work to a theater, did not regard it as available for publication."¹

This interesting page of history sufficiently explains the little esteem in which the manuscripts were held as literature. In view of all these considerations the wonder is, not that we know so little, but that we know so much of Shakspeare and his works.

Here is the marvel! "Out of virgin soil there sprang one who, by his genius, unconsciously raised the whole stage-world unto the realm of literature." The drama, in his hand, became the greatest expression of human life and experience. His works were the masterpieces of literature. If the new intellectual world of his day was incapable of perceiving it, nevertheless it supplied the material and awakened the spirit that made a Shakspeare possible. "At the critical moment Shakspeare appeared as the Columbus of that new world. Pioneers had gone before and in a measure prepared the way, but Shakspeare still remains the discoverer, occupying a position of almost lonely grandeur in the isolation and completeness of his work."²

Whence then hath this man these great things? If he is the world's greatest literary fact, in what consists his superior power?

There is one word which has been used of late in reference to Shakspeare and which is ascribed to him alone. It is the word "universality." Many men have done great things along some one line. They have shown themselves masters of some one form of art. To quote the words of an able writer "Rembrandt must teach us to enjoy the struggle of light with darkness, Wagner to enjoy peculiar musical effects; Dickens gives a twist to our sentimentality, Artemus Ward to our humor; Emerson kindles a new moral light within us."³ And it might be added, Mozart and Handel have taught us that religion may find its loftiest expression in music. Of many writers it has been said "that each did his own one thing better than any other" but, as Keats said of Shakspeare, "he did easily all men's utmost."

This Shakspeare touches every shore of human experience. He appropriates every element and product of nature,—all the trees and all the flowers and the birds of the air are his by acquaintance. Nothing escapes him. "He touched life at so many points and responded so

¹ Shakspeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man.

² Encyclopedia Britannica. Article on Shakspeare.

³ "The Will to Believe." William James.

instinctively to every movement in the complex web of its throbbing activities, that nothing affecting humanity was alien either to his heart or brain.”¹

He is a naturalist, a scientist, a philosopher, a musician, a painter, an author, a historian, a physiologist, a psychologist, a physician, a lawyer, a mechanic, a theologian,—*all in one. Yet he is none of these.* By education and by profession he is nothing but a strolling play-actor; yet by perception, by insight, by genius, he is everything human.

Such genius is not a transient. Its works are not for to-day only, but for all time. They are not seen in their glory until time lends perspective to the view. We do not see great things in the near view. We must lend distance to the mountain peak or we cannot see it. We must stand back if we would see a great picture.

The universality of Shakspeare demands horizon. “Great authors have their place and day and evince more or less clearly marks of decline. Shakspeare is three centuries young and students are now examining his verse with renewed eagerness. . . In the classification of our English poets he must stand alone. There is none like him and the more we study him the more supremely he rises above the plane that others have reached.”² “If the critics mention three poets of the first order,—Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare,—the greatest of these is the bard of Avon.”³

Genius is not scholarship nor learning; it does not discredit these but gladly welcomes them and employs them. But it rises above them,—sees beyond them. Its horizon is far away greater. It has no limitation. It soars to realms unknown; imagination is its handmaid. It sees the mystic and revels in the supernatural; it talks with ghosts and fairies and elves; and rides upon the air over all space. It discovers:—

“—more things in heaven and earth
Than are dream’d of in our philosophy.”

Great, indeed, is genius. It is far-seeing, prophetic; it possesses eyes for depths, and distances, and darknesses; it gives of its abundance, and the world is brighter for its vision. It is—

“The celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.”

¹ Encyclopedia Britannica. Article on Shakspeare.

² Prof. T. W. Hunt in Chicago Record Home Study Circle.

³ Great Books as Life Teachers. Newell Dwight Hillis.

It is a mighty force; a discoverer; a way out of the unknown,—through jungle and across the trackless ocean; it penetrates into mysteries of human physiology with Harvey; it climbs the difficult way to the solar systems with Galileo; it opens the cabinets of nature with Newton, and the world knows why an apple falls; or, with Watts, it discovers or reveals the utility of steam, and, with Franklin and Edison, of the electric forces.

But it is not a creator. It is revelational, not creative. Its ministry is to discover and declare. It is prophetic rather than productive. "Shakspeare did not make types," said a certain orator; no, but he discovered them. He found them and embodied them in living characters. Falstaff was a real flesh and blood creature of his age, a type of the fattened spawn of an idle, vile and sensual aristocracy. Shakspeare discovered him and, as a type, has made him immortal. Iago is the embodied type of a scheming traitor. Dogberry is the personification of ignorant officialism, "drest in a little brief authority," which intoxicates his infinitesimal brain. As types these are not created, but discovered and revealed, for all time. Dogberry is not dead: he exists in every village and may be found in the official sanctums of local councils, great cities, State capitols and national governments. Scores of types were revealed by Shakspeare. No other genius (not even Dickens) ever, so plainly, portrayed the shams and bubbles and vanities of human beings. Herein was Shakspeare universal. Others, like Scott, Thackeray and Dickens drew their portraits of humanity, but they were local or provincial. Shakspeare's limit was the world. His characters are true to all time and his incarnated human traits grow with age. Hamlet, Macbeth, Cæsar, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Antonio and Shylock, do not crumble with age, as the statuary of a sculptor, but are imperishable pictures standing out upon the scroll of time, like living models for every school of human study.¹

Nor is it true that genius is iconoclastic, as has been said of it in connection with Shakspeare. Genius and iconoclasm have no more in common than peace and war, or any other two opposite things. Genius is not an image-breaker, but an ideal-builder. Genius does not go with ax in hand to destroy the poor idols which men have made, but with magic fingers supplies new and better objects of beauty and adoration.

¹ "Of the scope of Shakspeare, I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakspeare."—Ruskin.

Iconoclasm shatters with rude, unsympathetic hand the gods which human hearts have worshiped and leaves those souls in their darkness and despair.

Genius sees that "there is no darkness but ignorance" (Twelfth Night 4: 2), and proceeds to open the windows, that light may pour in from heaven,—that God may be seen by mortal eye.

Iconoclasm enters the humble home and smashes the crude vases and weak imitations of the sculptor's art.

Genius takes chisel in hand and brings the angel out of the rock, and welcomes all the world to revel in its beauty.

Iconoclasm burns and destroys the cheap lithograph and gaudy chromo which relieve the monotony of cottage walls and gives nothing in its place.

Genius transforms the shadows and multiplies art, that real pictures may be abundant and free as flowers in summer.

Shakspeare was a genius, and therefore was not an Iconoclast.

The ancient Greeks worshiped the sun as the greatest of all gods. The modern Greek says "there is nothing so great as genius."¹ Thus hero-worship deifies an attribute; it glorifies a talent—physical or intellectual—and he who attains the highest point of that talent is its god. To multitudes of men there are no heroes but warriors of the battlefield or, perhaps, the prize-ring. The mighty products of Angelo's brain, or Rembrandt's soul, or Mozart's fire stir not their hearts.)

But genius,—like the sun,—sheds its radiant light upon all men without bargain and never waits for recognition. It gives of its affluence without price and is surprised at its own greatness.

It is a quality of genius that it is not limited by the personality of the man. It rises above him, looks through him, sees beyond him, speaks by him. In his loftiest attainments the man of genius is often unconscious of his greatness. It is not necessary that the sun should be conscious of its own infinite resources and gifts.

¹ Robt. Ingersoll's lecture on Shakspeare.

II

A GREATER THAN GENIUS

There is a greater than genius and that greater is — character.

Emerson says:—"The purest literary talent appears, at one time great, at another time small, but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. . . Character repudiates intellect, yet excites it; and character passes into thought, is published so, and then is ashamed before new flashes of moral worth. Character is nature in its highest form."

Thus genius may shine through the soul and is sometimes reflected through character. But it may flash its light with surpassing brilliancy and yet not express character. The poets uttered great thoughts of fire which flamed forth as the illumination of a comet, but these thoughts were not always a reflex of their moral natures.

Genius helps us towards perfection in all that is purely literary or artistic; it brings us the ideal in house-building and that is immeasurable gain. But for infinite, eternal value, genius does not compare with that wealth which brings us a nobler sense of home-building and soul growth.

"Men of character," says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong. . . . Feeble souls never behold a principle until it is lodged in a person." What the world most needs and has always needed most is a "principle lodged in a person." For although we may see suggestions of principle in works of art, it is only as they represent the ideal that they are of actual value. The sculptor may bring forth from the marble block a human hand more perfectly formed than any hand we have seen, for it is a copy of the ideal hand, but it lacks flesh and blood and grip and grasp; we are *richer* in the possession of the artist-made hand, but we are *better* for the hand that responds to ours with the grip of a personal friend. There is no soul behind the marble hand.

It is no disparagement of genius to say that it cannot give peace to a single sorrowing soul, or rest to one sin-burdened spirit. Nor can it assure us of a moral purpose. All the genius of man cannot make a liar true or a moral leper clean.

These two,—Genius and Character,—are not in conflict; they are not at war, the one with the other; they are each of his own kingdom,—genius of intellect,—character of the heart. A great genius may be—as Shakspeare was—impersonal. He sends forth his radiant light unconsciously. He it is who “builded better than he knew.” But a great character is never impersonal.

It is claimed that Shakspeare’s works are the most artistically beautiful of all the literary world and that it is the measure of their great value. But of yet greater value is a living character. By as much as a hand with a soul behind it is greater than a marble hand, so is character greater than genius. Of course genius may be associated with personality, but the distinction is, that genius *may be* impersonal, character *cannot be*. Wherever greatness of character is, there is great personality. In such there is eminent consciousness and there is also a living, vital touch of soul with soul.

“A divine person is the prophecy of the mind! A friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfillment of these two in one. . . . There are many that can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself, that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world, sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses,—only the pure and aspiring can know *his face*, and the only compliment they can pay it, is to own it.”—*Emerson*.

There have been many men of great sacrificing love who were true to some one or more of the lines of this portrait; but if we would know its original and only perfect embodiment, we must turn to that *one* who is the fulfillment of “the prophecy of the mind” and “the hope of the heart,” he who said of himself “a greater than Solomon is here,” he who constantly asserted himself by the most positive utterances of egoism, he who in word and in action is “self-sufficingness,” . . . “the person who is riches” of whom, as Emerson says: “I cannot think as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or client, but a perpetual patron, benefactor and beatified man.”

Such is he who makes no claim to genius and does not appeal to us by it, but always declares *himself* a supreme personality. “*I am the way and the truth and the life.*” During all his active ministry and especially the latter period of it, Christ always proceeded upon the most lofty and supreme assumption of his own personal character.

Unlike Shakspeare, Jesus is always conscious and personal, and that, as we have seen, is the grand distinction between great intellect and great character. Character is essentially and intensely personal, genius is not. History furnishes abundant illustration of this. Moses, Elijah, Daniel and Paul were each intensely personal. Every great Reformer has been:—Cromwell, Luther, Savonarola, Wesley, Washington, Lincoln. The missionary would be nothing without it. Livingston, Moffatt, Williams and Hudson preached and opened the ways of jungle and desert, not by force of intellect but by character.

The philosophers are not so. Socrates depreciated himself and discounted his own personality. Christ, on the contrary, came to win men to himself as the very source and center of his gospel. Socrates cared nothing for loyalty to himself if only his disciples studied his philosophy. Christ demanded loyalty to himself as an essential test of discipleship, for he did not come to establish a system, but a kingdom. Socrates promoted science but was unable to offer a redemptive scheme for the spiritual woes and sins of humanity. Christ left science to others and gave *Himself* to the saving of man. Socrates died the death of a martyr, but his martyrdom is of little concern to the world, while his philosophy is much. Christ died a martyr's death and his death, even more than his life, changed the entire current of human affairs and, with his resurrection, is the supreme fact of Christianity.¹

It matters little to the world whether or no Shakspeare wrote the works that bear his name,—their value does not depend upon his character or personality. But it matters all whether or no Jesus be The Christ.

Shakspeare's works are of priceless value but his name is no charm or power to redeem or transform men. He wrote from time to time the splendid thoughts which emanated from his surpassing genius and then fell back to the level of ordinary men.

Christ spoke his grandest words without thought of editing or revising them for publication; but his life ever reached the highest mark of his teachings. He raised the standard of moral thought and deed so high that none of his followers ever attained its highest point, yet he himself never once fell below it during all his life of labor and deprivation and sacrifice.²

¹“If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God.”—Rousseau, the French Sceptic.

²It is said that Charles Lamb in the course of a discussion with some literary friends remarked: “If Shakspeare were now to enter this room we should all stand up to do him honor; but if Jesus of Nazareth were to come in, we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment.”

The world needs Christ, not simply for the gospels that record his life and teachings, but for Himself. The gospels that tell of him are of value beyond price, but what we need most of Jesus,—is *Jesus*.

And that is true of every Saviour of men or nations. When a nation is in distress, or a people oppressed, it is the personal enthusiasm, *the passion, the power, the leadership* of a Statesman, a General, a Tribune that is needed;—a Moses, Washington, Garibaldi, Lincoln, Grant or a Gladstone.

The world needs its Saviours, not for what they can say, but for what they are and do. When a heart is in distress or is held captive by some demon of sin it is not the philosophy or science of a scheme that can save but—a *SAVIOUR*.

He, therefore, who reveals a perfect personality and sustains it, is the *ONE* whom the world needs for its moral hunger and heart sorrows,—the supreme *I AM* who never fails to declare himself the essential personal Life of the Kingdom of heaven.

But such character knows no self. It is “all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring.” Christ never once asserted himself for his own glory. In every self-announcement He proclaimed the advantage of others—not of himself. There is no record of his having once exercised his power or authority in which we can, by the most searching inquiry, discover a selfish purpose, or a means to promote his interests in society. We know of no miracle performed by him to contribute to his own comfort, or to relieve his own needs in poverty, hunger, or weariness of body. His great grand infinite *I AM’S* were every one of them benevolent and gracious towards others. He never said, “I am divine, therefore all men must concede to me.” But he said “I am the Way” therefore all men should “Come unto Me.” All his invitations and announcements had the needs and sorrows of men in view: “Come,” “weary,” “burdened,” “heavy laden,” “I am the Door,” “the good Shepherd,” “the Vine,” “the Way,” “the Truth,” “the Life;” I tell you this because “no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” Blessed, glorious assumption of Jesus Christ! the very essence of humility for it seeks not itself but others.

Men are rarely, if ever self-sacrificial in their work from first to last and all through. Paul became so! the Christian martyrs became so! But from the beginning to the end Christ’s life was wholly and entirely self-sacrificing and other-seeking. He moved, every hour of his life, towards the cross, and when he entered upon the active ministry for which he had prepared himself he bore the cross without cessation. “I

lay down my life for my sheep," he said and this he did, in living as in dying, never once faltering or excusing himself from the hardest task, the darkest Gethsemane, or the most self-forgetting labors.

Men who have not understood this have wondered at his assumptions and self-assertions; and yet the most severe and the most cynical of all critics have never witnessed against him a single act of self-seeking or self-interest. His self-giving is the most marvelous thing known to men. Never did he consult his own ease or necessities at the expense of human suffering; never did he say to the needy or the distressed; "Wait until I rest — come again to-morrow!"

How vastly greater is such giving than is that, even of genius. It is the very gift of love and that is "the greatest thing in the world." Genius gives without stint or measure, but it brings no touch of love to the human heart. It cannot give rest or peace to its own most favored sons and daughters. The loftiest genius has ever needed a personal Saviour. Not a few of the most transcendent human intellects have dwelt in souls who have fallen "weary and heavy laden" — living and dying — moral wrecks and spiritual bankrupts.

Poor Chatterton! — prodigy of youthful genius, the wondrous boy-poet of more than a century ago committed suicide at the age of eighteen; broken-hearted, he shut out the light of one of the brightest stars of genius that ever God gave to the race of men. He had found no heart-rest, he knew no infinite love, and hope perished within him. If ever a human spirit needed a personal saviour it was young Chatterton of whom Wordsworth wrote:—"The marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

Perhaps the most fertile, and certainly one of the richest of American poets was Edgar Allan Poe. But the story of the moral wreck of this gifted soul is painfully notorious. Surely Poe needed a saviour other than genius.

Burns, the idol of Scottish hearts, the pride of the glens and groves of Ayrshire, author of the immortal "Cotter's Saturday Night," the bard of whom his biographers wrote, "he perished at thirty-seven, he can hardly be said to have died," was another example of the need of men of genius, as of other men, for a personal saviour.

All the genius of the inimitable dramatic orator was in John B. Gough when he drifted down the moral plane until he fell into the very gutter of human society, a mere saloon clown.

But Gough was transformed by a power greater than genius. Personal kindness, human sympathy, love incarnate, touched his heart

and — behold! the dead was awakened, the resurrected man came forth. And when his star of genius was set in a moral firmament, inspired by divine love, he transported millions by the story of his own redemption.

And that is it. Genius is wealth, a mine of great riches, a constellation of light and beauty and power. But it needs love, the vital essence of character to complete it, to guide it, to inspire it, and to redeem its prophets.

This is the incarnation, the vital personal energy to redeem the world, to direct genius, to qualify teachers, to ennoble life, to purify society, to exalt government, to advance the truest and highest and best civilization,— to redeem the world.

It is going on,— *this incarnation*,— the Christ spirit,—manifesting itself in various ways, breaking the horizon, broadening the view, bringing the world into touch with the world and with God, making the sentiment of universal peace and brotherhood a fact, converting all mankind into one family, *one in Christ — one in Love — one in Sympathy*.

Herein is true greatness. Greatness that never falters, that “will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances,”— that gives itself to a sinful world in purity, in love, in sacrifice.

What, if it were possible, that this infinitude of the personal Christ could cease? Shakspeare’s work of genius itself could hardly sustain the shock. So much of his glory does he borrow from the inspiration of that life, so much does he depend for abiding fame and increasing appreciation upon Him of whom he wrote: —

“ In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago were nail’d
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

BOOK SECOND

Shakspeare's Biblical Translations

I. GOD IN SHAKSPEARE

II. BIBLE CHARACTERS

*III. SCRIPTURE FACTS, INCIDENTS
PLACES, ETC.*

*IV. SHAKSPEARE AN INTERPRETER
OF BIBLE WORDS*

*V. SCRIPTURE AND SHAKSPEARE
PARALLELS*

I

GOD IN SHAKSPEARE

It is strange that so many literary men have been blind, — not only to the spiritual or religious element in Shakspeare, but also to the actual facts of his frequent use of Scripture and of references to the Divine Being. The most extraordinary instance of this blindness is that of Michelet, the French author, who is credited with saying:—"As far as I recollect, the name of God does not occur in Shakspeare, or if it does, it is rarely, or by chance and unaccompanied by the shadow of a religious sentiment."¹

It seems incredible that any reader of the great Poet's works, to say nothing of an author who ventures to write upon them, should be guilty of such a statement. Either the memory of Michelet is very treacherous or he must have closed his eyes—we had almost said wilfully—to the overwhelming facts which are set forth in this chapter.

The Divine Being is referred to in all parts of the works of Shakspeare, and under many different Scriptural or reverential terms.

The use of the word "God" as applied to the God of the Bible is distinguished from references to pagan "gods" by the use of the capital letter in all editions of his works. Sometimes it is employed as an exclamation, as "O God!" or "God's will!" and is not always, in such cases, accompanied with any religious thought, but in the great majority of instances the word is employed with a religious meaning and with reverence.

This word "God" is found in the various dramas nearly seven hundred times. This number varies a little in different editions but not sufficiently to affect the figures materially.

As Mrs. Cowden Clarke points out "the word Heaven is frequently substituted for this word (God) more especially in the historical plays."²

The following table of the number of times the word (God) is used in the text of Knight's edition may be taken as substantially correct:—

¹ John Taylor in *Shakspeariana*, November, 1889.

² Clarke's *Concordance to Shakspeare*.

Richard III. contains the word God,¹ 99 times;
 Much Ado about Nothing, 59;
 II Henry VI., 58; I Henry VI., 25; III Henry VI., 30;
 Henry V., 58; I Henry IV., 36; II Henry IV., 26;
 Richard II., 44; Henry VIII., 32; Hamlet, 27;
 Romeo and Juliet, 31; Love's Labor Lost, 26;
 As You Like It, 20; All's Well that Ends Well, 19;
 Merchant of Venice, 18; Taming of Shrew, 18;
 Twelfth Night, 14; Macbeth, 14; Othello, 5;
 Comedy of Errors,² 13; Titus Andronicus,² 6;
 King John, 6; Pericles, 4; Coriolanus, 2;
 Midsummer Night's Dream, 5; Merry Wives, 2;
 Troilus and Cressida, 1; King Lear, 1;
 Antony and Cleopatra, 1.

The following terms of reverence, or exclamations, having reference to the Supreme Being are found in the texts of the plays given: —

God Above. Macb. 4: 3.

God Almighty. Hen. V. 2: 4; 4: 1; II Hen. VI. 2: 1.

God before — in the sense of God leading. Hen. V. 3: 6.

God befriend us. I Hen. IV. 5: 1.

God be praised. Hen. V. 4: 7. II Hen. VI. 2: 1.

God Himself. II Hen. VI. 4: 2.

God help. I Hen. IV. 2: 4.

God defend the right. II Hen. VI. 2: 3.

God forgive (thee). I Hen. IV. 1: 2.

God forgive (me) (them). I Hen. IV. 1: 3. I Hen. IV. 3: 2. II Hen. VI. 3: 3.

God forbid. Much Ado 1: 1. Mer. of Ven. 2: 2. Tam. Shrew 4: 2, 5: 1. Rich. II. 2: 1, 4: 1. I Hen. IV. 5: 2. Hen. V. 1: 2. II Hen. VI. 3: 2, 4: 4. III Hen. VI. 1: 2; 2: 1; 3: 2; 4: 1; 5: 4. Hen. VIII. 2: 2. Rom. and Jul. 1: 3. Titus And. 4: 3.

God keep me so. Hen. V. 4: 7.

God knows. I Hen. IV. 2: 1. I Hen. VI. 5: 1. II Hen. VI. 1: 2, 2: 1, 3: 2, 5: 2.

¹ Mrs. Cowden Clarke gives the word in Richard III. ninety-seven times.

² In these plays the word is used much more frequently in the plural and without the capital, but these numbers must be understood as referring to the word in the Christian sense.

- God of battles. Hen. V. 4: 1.
 God's majesty. Rich. II. 4: 1.
 God our hope. II Hen. VI. 2: 3, 4: 4.
 God save. I Hen. IV. 1: 2.
 God speed. I Hen. VI. 3: 2.
 God's Will, God's Peace. Hen. V. 4: 3.
 O God! Rich. III. 4: 4. Ham. 1: 2. Hen. V. 4: 8. III Hen. VI.
 5: 6. II Hen. VI. 2: 1, 3: 3.
 Great God of Heaven. Rich. III. 5: 4.
 God Omnipotent. Rich. II. 3: 3.
 If God please. Hen. V. 4: 3.
 Heaven¹ (as God). All's Well 2: 1. Rom. and Jul. 4: 5 (twice).
 Rich. III. 5: 3. Hen. VIII. 3: 1. Rich. II. 5: 2; 3: 2; 3: 3; 1: 2
 (twice).
 Maker — "praise my Maker." Hen. VIII. 3: 2, 5: 4.
 All Seer. Rich. III. 5: 1.
 Eternal God. II Hen. VI. 1: 4.
 The Everlasting. Ham. 1: 2.
 The most just God. Peri. 5: 1.
 The Widow's Champion and Defense. Rich. II. 1: 2.
 Thee. Hen. VI. 2: 3.
 Eternal Mover of the Heavens. II Hen. VI. 3: 3.
 King of Kings and Lord of Hosts. I Hen. VI. 1: 1. Rich. III. 1: 4
 and 2: 1.
 King's King. Rich. III. 4: 4.
 King of Heaven. Rich. II. 3: 3. Rich. III. 1: 2.
 He that wears the crown immortally. II Hen. IV. 4: 4.
 Him that all things knows. All's Well 2: 1.
 Him that made me. I Hen. VI. 2: 4. III Hen. VI. 2: 2.
 He of greatest works. All's Well 2: 1.
 His minister. Rich. II. 1: 2.
 Lord; O, Lord. Rich. II. 3: 2; Hen. V. 4: 1. II Hen. VI. 1: 1;
 2: 1, and 2: 3.
 O Thou. Rich. III. 5: 3. II Hen. VI. 3: 2.
 Judge. Hen. VIII. 3: 1.
 Providence. Tempest 1: 2.

¹The word "Heaven" in the texts given above is used with the meaning of "God" or "Supreme Being." Shakspeare uses the word many other times with the meaning of *good* or *high influences*.

Shakspeare makes reverent use of the word "Almighty" six times and the word "Christ" is, nine times, fitly and reverently quoted. The Latin (*Jesu*) for Jesus is not always fitly spoken: On fourteen occasions it is used as an exclamation and hardly with reverence. "Redeemer" is twice used in *Rich. III.* The "Holy Ghost" is never mentioned in Shakspeare, a fact attributed to the Poet's sense of reverence for that name, and the word "Saviour" is mentioned only once, viz.: in *Ham. I. i.*

II

BIBLE CHARACTERS

- Adam. I Hen. IV. 2:4 and 3:3. Hen. V. 1:1. II Hen. VI. 4:2.
Ham. 5:1. Love's Labor 4:2; 5:2. Much Ado 2:1 (twice). Rich.
II. 3:4. As You Like It 2:1. Com. of Err. 4:3.
Eve. Love's Labor 1:1; 5:2. Rich. III. 3:4. Twelfth Night 1:5.
Two Gent. 3:1. Merry Wives 4:2. Sonnet 93.
Abel. Rich. II. 1:1. I Hen. VI. 1:3.
Cain. I Hen. VI. 1:3. II Hen. IV. 1:1. Ham. 5:1; 3:3. Rich.
II. 5:6. K. John 3:4. Love's Labor 4:2.
Noah. Com. of Err. 3:2. Twelfth Night 3:2.
Japheth. II Hen. IV. 2:2.
Abraham. Mer. of Ven. 1:2; 1:3. Rich. II. 4:1. Rich. III. 4:3.
Hagar. Mer. of Ven. 2:5.
Jacob. Mer. of Ven. 1:2 (five times); 2:5.
Laban. Mer. of Ven. 1:3 (twice).
Pharaoh. I Hen. IV. 2:4.
Pharaoh's Soldiers. Much Ado 3:3.
Joshua. Love's Labor 5:1.
Deborah. I Hen. VI. 1:2.
Jephthah and his daughter. Ham. 2:2 (twice). III. Hen. VI. 5:1.
Samson. I Hen. VI. 1:2. Hen. VIII. 5:3. Love's Labor 1:2
(five times).
Goliath. Merry Wives 5:1. I Hen. VI. 1:2.
Jezebel. Twelfth Night 2:5.
Job and Job's wife. Merry Wives 5:5. II Hen. IV. 1:2.
Solomon. Love's Labor 1:2 and 4:3.
Sheba (Saba). Hen. VIII. 5:4.
Daniel. Mer. of Ven. 4:1 (three times).
Nebuchadnezzar. All's Well 4:5.
Jesus. Rich. III. 5:3. III Hen. VI. 5:6.
Christ (Master). Rich. II. 4:1. Rich. III. 1:4. II Hen. VI. 5:1.
I Hen. IV. 1:1; 3:2. Hen. V. 4:1. I Hen. VI. 1:2.
Mary (Mother of Jesus). Rich. II. 2:1. Hen. VIII. 5:1. I Hen.
VI. 1:2.

Herod. Hen. V. 3:3. Ham. 3:2. Merry Wives 2:1. Ant. and Cleo. 1:2; 3:3; 4:6.

The Nazarite. Mer. of Ven. 1:3.

Twelve Apostles. Rich. II. 4:1.

Judas. Rich. II. 3:2; 4:1. III Hen. VI. 5:7. Love's Labor 5:2 (seven times). As You Like It 3:4.

Judas Maccabeus. Love's Labor 5:1; 5:2.

Barrabas. Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

Lazarus. I Hen. IV. 4:2.

Dives. I Hen. IV. 3:3.

Pilate. Rich. II. 4:1. Rich. III. 1:4.

Prodigal¹ Son. I Hen. IV. 4:2. Merry Wives 4:5; Winter's Tale 4:2. II Hen. IV. 2:1.

Peter (St. Peter). Much Ado 2:1. Two Gent. 2:3. Twelfth Night 3:1. Othello 4:2.

Paul² (Saint) (Apostle). Rich. III. 1:2; 1:3; 3:4; 5:3.

St. Phillip's daughters. I Hen. VI. 1:2.

Satan. Com. of Err. 4:3; 4:4. I Hen. IV. 2:4. Merry Wives 5:5. All's Well 5:3.

The Devil.³ Ham. 2:2; 3:1. Mer. of Ven. 1:3; 2:2. Rich. III. 1:2; 1:3.

Belzebub. Twelfth Night 5:1. Hen. V. 4:7. Macb. 2:3.

Lucifer is once mentioned in the Bible Isai. XIV. 12 and Shakspeare uses the word with a similar meaning in Hen. VIII. 3:2. Hen. V. 4:7.

¹These references are of course to the story known as "The Prodigal Son," but the word "prodigal" is not found in the Scriptures.

²Saint Paul in Richard III. is several times used in reference to St. Paul's Cathedral.

³The word "devil" is used many times as an epithet to express devilish character, or in slang and oaths.

III

SCRIPTURE FACTS, INCIDENTS, PLACES, ETC.

- Lights Created. Tempest 1:2.
Fall of Man. Hen. V. 2:1 and 2:2. I Hen. IV. 3:3. As You
Like It 2:1.
Adam's transgression. Much Ado 2:1.
Adam a gardener. Ham. 5:1. II Hen. VI. 4:2.
Eden. Rich. II. 2:1.
Birth of Cain. K. John 3:4. II Hen. IV. 1:1.
Cain as a murderer. I Hen. VI. 1:3. II Hen. IV. 1:1.
Abel murdered. Ham. 3:3. Rich. II. 1:1. I Hen. VI. 1:3.
The Flood. As You Like It. 5:4. Com. of Err. 3:2.
Bosom of Abraham. Rich. II. 4:1.
Egyptian darkness. Twelfth Night 4:2.
The lean kine. I Hen. IV. 2:4.
Firstborn of Egypt. As You Like It. 2:5.
Pharaoh's Soldiers. Much Ado. 3:3.
The ten commandments. Ham. 5:1. I Hen. VI. 1:3. Meas. for
Meas. 1:2.
Law of Inheritance. Hen. V. 1:2.
Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter. III Hen. VI. 5:1.
Patience of Lot. II Hen. IV. 1:2.
Nebuchadnezzar's Fall. All's Well 4:5.
The hill of Bashan. Ant. and Cleo. 3:2.
Herod's slaughter of infants. Hen. V. 3:3.
Blind man healed. II Hen. VI. 2:1.
Prodigal Son. (See Bible Characters.)
Calf killed for Prodigal's feast. Com. of Err. 4:3.
Devil's entering swine. Mer. of Ven. 1:3.
Betrayal of Jesus. Rich. II. 4:1. (See Judas.)
Pilate's handwashing. Rich. II. 4:1. Rich. III. 1:4.
Crucifixion of Christ. I Hen. IV. 1:1.

Field of Golgotha. Rich. II. 4:1; 4:2. Macb. 1:2.

Sepulchre of Christ. Rich. II. 2:1. I Hen. IV. 1:1.

Jerusalem. K. John 2:2. I Hen. IV. 1:1. II Hen. IV. 4:4. III
Hen. VI. 5:5.

The Holy Land. Rich. II. 5:6. II Hen. IV. 4:4.

Miracles. Hen. V. 1:1.

IV

SHAKSPEARE AS AN INTERPRETER OF BIBLE WORDS

The dramatic and poetic works of Shakspeare furnish one of the best aids to a correct interpretation of the meaning of many words and phrases in the English Bible which are difficult, or obscure, when viewed in the light of modern standards of the English language.

The writings of Shakspeare extended over a period of twenty-four years ranging from A. D. 1587 to 1611. The King James translation of the Bible was begun in 1604 and completed in 1611.

Thus our common version of the Bible was translated during the latter part of the period in which the great dramatist wrote. The translators would naturally use English words in the sense employed by the leading writers of the age, and of all writers, Shakspeare was the most likely to employ the colloquial tongue of his time and country.¹

Our English Bible, therefore, may be used as a student's guide to certain forms of expression found in Shakspeare and likewise Shakspeare may be profitably studied for interpretation of many words in the Bible.

It is claimed for the King James version of the Bible that one reason why it "gives such general satisfaction to the English ear is that it speaks a language of its own which is conventionally received as a Biblical tongue."²

This remark may be applied to many of the finer passages of Shakspeare's dramas; indeed the Poet is never so grand as when he approaches the style of Biblical poetry and it is a matter of common observation that many passages of his works are often quoted, by mistake, as from the Bible itself.³

The Commissioners appointed by King James to translate the Bible also acquired the same lofty Biblical style of expression — the same use

¹ "If we except the translators of the Bible, Shakspeare wrote the best English that has yet been written. . . . Writing for the general public, he used such language as would convey his meaning to his auditors—the common phraseology of his period."—Richard Grant White.

² Ency. Brit., Vol. 8, p. 389.

³ See quotation from "Shakspeare and the Bible" in preface.

of language which marks it as distinct from the ordinary forms of literary English. The preface published in all editions of our common version was the work of that large and learned body of divines. As we read through this most interesting and instructive document we might easily imagine it the utterance of one of Shakspeare's loftiest characters.

Illustrating the striking similarity in the use of common words, as found in the Bible, and in the works of Shakspeare, the following selected passages will be of service. The words are given from the text of the Bible and also of Shakspeare:—

ABJECTS in the sense of *vile, mean persons*.

Yea, the *abjects* gather themselves against me. *Ps. xxxv. 15.*

We are the Queen's *abjects* and must obey. *Rich. III. 1:1.*

Me, as his *object* object. *Hen. VIII. 1:1.*

ALLOW—*approve*.

That ye *allow* the deeds of your fathers. *Luke xi. 48.*

That which I do I *allow* not. *Rom. vii. 15.*

As we were *allowed* of God. *I Thess. ii. 4.*

Generally *allowed* for your many warlike preparations (qualities). *Merry Wives 2:2.*

I like them all to do *allow* them well. *II Hen. IV. 4:2.*

Praise us as we are tested. *Allow* us as we prove. *Troi. and Cres. 3:2.*

BEWRAY—*disclose, betray*.

Thy speech *bewrayeth* thee. *Matt. xxvi. 73.*

— he * * *bewrayeth* it not. *Prov. xxix. 24.*

— which *bewrayeth* itself. *Prov. xxvii. 16.*

And state of our bodies would *bewray* what life

We have led since thy exile. *Corio. V. 3.*

The Queen whose looks *bewray* her anger. *III Hen. VI. 1:1.*

And not *bewray* thy treason with a blush. *III Hen. VI. 3:3.*

BRAVERY—*vanity, pride of dress*.

The *bravery* of their tinkling ornaments. *Isai. iii. 18.*

His *bravery* is not on my cost. As You Like It. 2:7.

Scarfs and fans and double change of *bravery*. *Tam. Shrew. 4:3.*

BESTOW—*put away, or lay up*.

There will I *bestow* all my fruits and my goods. *Luke xii. 18.*

We will *bestow* you in some better place. *I Hen. VI. 3:2.*

I will *bestow* you where you will have time

To speak your bosom freely. *Oth. 3:1.*

CAREFUL—*anxious*.

Be *careful* for nothing. *Phil. iv. 6.*

O full of *careful* business are his looks. *Rich. II. 2:2.*

CARRIAGE — *baggage or luggage.*

We took up our *carriages* and went to Jerusalem. *Acts xxi. 15.*

Many *carriages* he hath despatched. *King John 5: 7.*

CASTAWAY — *lost, cast-off.*

Lest * * I myself should become a *castaway*. *I Cor. ix. 27.*

Why do you look on us and shake your head, and call us orphans, wretches, *castaways*. *Rich. III. 2: 2.*

CLEAN — *completely, entirely.*

Is his mercy *clean* gone forever. *Ps. lvii. 8.*

Roaming *clean* through the bounds of Asia. *Com. of Err. 1: 1.*

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. *Jul. Caes. 1: 3.*

CHARITY — *love.*

Now abideth faith, hope, *charity*. *I Cor. xiii. 13.*

For *charity* itself fulfils the law

And who can sever love from *charity*. *Love's Labor 4: 3.*

CHOICE — *select, excelling.*

A *choice* young man and a goodly. *I Sam. ix. 2.*

The *choice* and master spirits of this age. *Jul. Caes. 3: 1.*

CONVENIENT — *suitable, seemly.*

Feed me with food *convenient* for me. *Prov. xxx. 8.*

To do those things which are not *convenient*. *Rom. i. 28.*

As shall *conveniently* become you there. *Mer. of Ven. 2: 8.*

All that honor that good *convenience* claims. *All's Well 3: 2.*

CUNNING — *skill or skillful.*

Let my right hand forget her *cunning*. *Ps. cxxxvii. 5.*

Send me a man *cunning* to work in gold. *II Chron. ii. 7.*

To our sports my better *cunning* faints. *Ant. and Cleo. 2: 3.*

To *cunning* men I will be kind and liberal. *Tam. Shrew. 1: 1.*

DAMNATION — *condemnation, judgment.* This word and the word "damn" are frequently used both in Bible and Shakspeare in this sense.

Ye shall receive the greater *damnation*. *Matt. xxiii. 14.*

Author of the servants' *damnation*. *Hen. V. 4: 1*

EAR — *plough or till.*

He will set them to *ear* his ground. *I Sam. viii. 12.*

Let them go to *ear* the land. *Rich. II. 3: 2.*

He that *ears* my land spares my team. *All's Well 1: 3.*

FAIN — *glad, or gladly.*

He would *fain* have filled his belly. *Luke xv. 16.*

To my thinking he would *fain* have had it. *Jul. Caes. 1: 2.*

FAVOR — *countenance, looks.*

Rachel was beautiful and well *favor*ed. *Gen. xxix. 17.*

I know your *favor* well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. *Twelf. Night. 3: 4.*

A shrew, *ill-favored* wife. *Tam. Shrew 1: 2.*

GOOD-MAN — *head of house.*

The *good-man* is not at home. *Prov. vii. 19.*

To the *good-man* of the house. *Mark xiv. 14, Luke xxii. 11.*

This story shall the *good-man* teach his son. *Hen. V. 4: 2.*

LEASING — *lying or deceiving.*

Thou shalt destroy them that speak *leasing*. *Ps. v. 6.*

How long will ye seek after *leasing*. *Ps. iv. 2.*

In his praise have almost stamped the *leasing*. *Corio. 5: 2.*

LET — *hinder.*

Only he who now *letteth* will *let*. *II. Thess. ii. 7.*

If nothing *lets* to make us happy. *Twelf. Night 5: 1.*

MAID-CHILD — *female.*

But if she bear a *maid-child*. *Lev. xii. 5.*

She brought forth a *maid-child*. *Peri. 5: 3.*

MAN-CHILD — *male.*

If a woman have born a *man-child*. *Levi. xii. 2.*

Hearing he was a *man-child*. *Corio. 1: 3.*

PASSION — *suffering.*

He showed himself alive after his *passion*. *Acts i. 3.*

You shall offend him and extend his *passion*. *Macb. 3: 4.*

PROPER — *handsome, fair.*

Because they saw he was a *proper* child. *Heb. xi. 23.*

A marvelous *proper* man. *Rich. III. 1: 2.*

He is a *proper* man's picture. *Mer. of Ven. 1: 2.*

QUARREL — *cause.*

That shall avenge the *quarrel* of my covenant. *Lev. xxvi. 25.*

And since the *quarrel* will bear no color. *Jul. Cæs. 2: 1.*

QUICK — *alive, living.*

And they go down *quick* into the pit. *Num. xvi. 30.*

The word of God is *quick* and powerful. *Heb. iv. 12.*

That which thou sowest is not *quickened* except it die. *I Cor. xv. 36.*

Who shall judge the *quick* and the dead. *II Tim. iv. 1.*

Now pile your dust upon the *quick* and the dead. *Ham. 5: 1.*

The mercy that was *quick* in us but late. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

Thou'rt *quick*. But yet I'll bury thee. *Tim. of Ath. 4: 3.*

And *quicken* his embraced heaviness. *Mer. of Ven. 2: 8.*

SORT — *class of people.*

Certain lewd fellows of the baser *sort*. *Acts xvii. 5.*

Assemble all the poor men of your *sort*. *Jul. Cæs. 1: 1.*

STRAIT — *narrow, small.*

The place is too *strait* for us. *II Kings vi. 1.*

Enter ye in at the *strait* gate for wide is the gate. *Matt. vii. 13.*

STRAIT—*Continued*:

All flying through a *strait* lane—

That the *strait* pass was dammed with dead men. *Cymb.* 5: 3.

Honor travels in a *strait* so narrow. *Troi. and Cres.* 3: 3.

TERROR—*fear, power.*

Rulers are not a *terror* to good works. *Rom.* xiii. 3.

Knowing therefore the *terror* of the Lord. *II Cor.* v. 11.

Lent him our *terror*. *Meas. for Meas.* 1: 1.

THOUGHT—*anxious, anxiety.*

Take no *thought* for your life. *Matt.* vi. 25. *Luke* xii. 22.

She pin'd in *thought*. *Twelf. Night.* 2: 4.

'Take *thought* and die. *Jul. Caes.* 2: 1.

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*. *Ham.* 3: 1.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself. *Ham.* 4: 5.

VERY—*genuine, true.*

Whether thou be my *very* son Esau. *Gen.* xxvii. 21.

This is the *very* Christ. *John* vii. 26.

This gentleman, my *very* friend. *Rom. and Jul.* 3: 1.

I bid my *very* friends welcome. *Mer. of Ven.* 3: 2.

WIT, WIST, WOT—*know, perceive.*

To *wit* whether the Lord had made. *Gen.* xxiv. 21.

He *wist* not what to say. *Mark* ix. 6.

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business. *Luke* ii. 49.

I *wot* that through ignorance ye did it. *Acts* iii. 17.

We English warriors *wot* not what it means. *I Hen.* VI. 4: 7.

I *wist* your grandam had a worser match. *Rich.* III. 1: 3.

More water glideth by the mill

Than *wots* the miller of. *Titus And.* 2: 1.

WHAT—*why.*

What need we any further witnesses. *Mark* xiv. 63.

What need we any spur. *Jul. Cacs.* 2: 1.

V

SCRIPTURE AND SHAKSPEARE PARALLELS

Quotations, References, Paraphrases, etc.

The following arrangement of passages serves to show the Poet's frequent use of thought and language as found in the sacred volume. It does not, of course, follow that these were all purposely quoted from the Bible, but it does establish, beyond all dispute, that the mind of the great dramatist was thoroughly imbued with the thoughts and teachings of the Scriptures.¹

So frequently does he borrow figures of speech from the Bible,—adapting them to incidents or characters of his plays—that they, not only illustrate his subject, or convey his moral, but they also throw new light upon the Scripture text.

Moreover, no one can read these Bible passages, placed as they are here, side by side, with others from the Poet, without perceiving something of the great debt we owe to the scriptures for much that is best and greatest in Shakspeare.

Some of these parallelisms are very striking; as, for example, the various uses which are made in the respective plays of such historic events as the murder of Abel by his brother; Jephtha's vow of sacrifice; Herod's slaughter of infants; the betrayal by Judas; and the parable of the prodigal son.

Among the parallels are some Bible texts literally quoted, but the greater part of them are better than *verbatim* quotations. They are the WORD *inbreathed*, until it became *Shakspeare's*, and then, from this incarnated word,—genius inspired, there has been given to the world lessons high and broad:—a new interpretation; *the truth* with a new application read and written, into the life and experience of men and women as they are found in and of the world.

¹ Referring to the allusion to Matt. 5:22 in the Merchant of Venice 1:1, Sprague remarks: "Shakspeare is so familiar with the Bible that we who know less of the sacred book are sometimes slow to catch his allusions." See Sprague's Notes on The Mer. of Ven.

Some of these passages are repeated and extended under the title of *Scripture Themes in Shakspeare*, but others of them are given only under this order of arrangement.

PARALLEL PASSAGES

Blessed are the peacemakers.
Matt. v. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, on
earth. II Hen. VI. 2:1.

Not one of them (sparrows) is forgotten before God.

Luke xii. 6.
Matt. x. 29.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

Ham. 5:2.

Behold the fowls of the air and your heavenly Father feedeth them.
Matt. vi. 26.

He that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow. As You Like It 2:3.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

Ps. cxix. 105.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet. II Hen. VI. 2:3.

The Lord was my stay.

Ps. xvii. 18.

God is our fortress.

I Hen. VI. 2:1.

The Lord is my rock and my fortress.

Ps. xviii. 2.
Ps. xxxi. 3.

The Lord's anointed.

I Sam. xxvi. 11, 16.

Destroy this temple. John ii. 19.

The temple of this body.

John 11. 21.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke
ope

The Lord's anointed temple and stole
thence

The life o' the building. Macb. 2:3.

Forgive and ye shall be forgiven.

Luke vi. 37.

See also Matt. vi. 12, 14, 15.

I as free forgive as I would be forgiven.
Hen. VIII. 2:1.

I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
Rich. II. 5:3.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Matt. vi. 34.

But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Jul. Cæsar 5:1.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

I Cor. i. 27.

See also Matt. xi. 25.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.

Ps. vii. 2.

He that of the greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister
So holy writ in babes hath judgment

shown. All's Well. 2:1.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Prov. xxiii. 23.

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross.
Sonnet 146.

Do good to them that hate you.

Matt. v. 44.

Cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Hen. VIII. 3:2.

- Overcome evil with good.
Rom. xii. 21.
- With a piece of scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good
for evil. Rich. III. 1:3.
- Pray for them that despitefully use
you. Matt. v. 44.
- Pray for them that have done scath¹
to us. Rich. III. 1:3.
- Beareth all things, believeth all
things, hopeth all things, endureth all
things, love never faileth.
I Cor. xiii. 7, 8.
- Love is not love
Which altereth when it alteration finds.
Sonnet 116.
- Whom the Lord loveth he chasten-
eth. Heb. xii. 6.
- This sorrow's heavenly
It strikes where it doth love.
Othello 5:2.
- Why beholdest thou the mote that
is in thy brother's eye but considerest
not the beam that is in thine own eye.
Matt. vii. 3.
Luke vi. 42.
- You found his mote; the king your
mote did see.
But I a beam do find in each of three.
Love's Labor 4:3.
- A moth it is to trouble the mind's
eye. Ham. 1:1.
- That there were but a mote in your
(eyes). King John 4:1.
- Let every man be swift to hear, slow
to speak, slow to wrath. James 1. 19.
- Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice.
Take each man's censure but reserve
thy judgment. Ham. 1:3.
- If your soul were in my soul's stead,
I would strengthen you with my mouth,
and assuage your grief. Job xvi. 4-6.
- Had you such a loss as I
I could give better comfort than you
do. King John 3:4.
- It is easier for a camel to go through
the eye of a needle. Matt. xix. 24.
- It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread through the postern of a
needle's eye. Rich. II. 5:5.
- If a house be divided against itself
that house cannot stand. Mark iii. 25.
- O, if you rear this house against this
house
It will the woofullest division prove.
Rich. II. 4:1.
- Be baptized and wash away thy sins.
Acts xxii. 16.
- Your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Hen. V. 1:2.
- For all have sinned. Rom. iii. 23.
- Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all. II Hen. VI. 3:3.
- The tree is known by his fruit.
Matt. xii. 33.
- If the tree be known by the fruit
and fruit by the tree. I Hen. IV. 2:4.
- Though your sins be as scarlet they
shall be as white as snow. Isa i. 18.
- What if this curs'd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's
blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet
heavens,
To wash it white as snow?
Ham. 3:3.

¹ Injury or harm.

If . . . every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Heb. ii. 2, 3.

Ye will not come unto Me.
John v. 40.

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.
Luke ix. 24.
Matt. x. 39.

By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified
Gal. ii. 16.

Godliness with contentment is great gain.
I Tim. vi. 6.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men.
Matt. v. 15, 16.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.
Rom. xiii. 10.

Thy right hand hath holden me up.
Ps. xviii. 35.

In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.
Ps. xvi. 11.

Refresh by bowels in the Lord.
Philemon Verse 20.

Are they not all ministering spirits?
Heb. i. 14.

Thou makest it soft with showers.
Ps. lxxv. 10.

As the cold of snow in the time of harvest.
Prov. xxv. 13.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee.
Ps. cxxxiv. 3.

The means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd

And not neglected; else if heaven would

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse.
Rich II. 3:2

You have too much respect upon the world

They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Mer. of Ven. 1:1.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this:

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation.
Mer of Ven. 4:1.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough.
Othello 3:3.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do

Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, t'were all alike as if we had them not.
Meas. for Meas. 1:1.

How far that little candle throws his beams

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Mer. of Ven. 5:1.

Charity itself fulfills the law
And who can sever love from charity?
Love's Labor 4:3.

In the great hand of God I stand.
Mach. 2:3.

The treasury of everlasting joy.
II Hen. VI. 2:1.

And bid you in the bowels of the Lord.
Hen. V. 2:4.

A ministering angel shall my sister be.
Ham. 5:1.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.
Mer of Ven. 4:1.

As snow in harvest.
Rich. III. 1:4.

The Lord in heaven bless thee.
Hen. V. 4:1.

Ye ask and receive not, because ye
ask amiss. James iv. 3.

We ignorant of ourselves
Beg often our own harms, which the
wise powers
Deny us for our good.
Ant. and Cleo. 2:1.

Though I be rude in speech.
II Cor. xi. 6.

Rude am I in speech.
Othello 1:3.

Ye can discern the face of the sky.
Matt. xvi. 3.

Men judge by the complexion of
the sky. Rich. II. 3:2.

Stand therefore, having your loins
girt about with truth and having on
the breastplate of righteousness.
Eph. vi. 14.

What stronger breastplate than a
breast untainted.
II Hen. VI. 3:2.

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth
her voice in the streets.
Prov. i. 20.

Wisdom cries out in the streets and
no man regards it. I Hen. IV. 1:2.

God is witness betwixt me and
thee. Gen. xxxi. 50.

God above
Deal between thee and me.
Macb. 4:3.

What therefore God hath joined
together let not man put asunder.
Matt. xix. 6.
Mark x. 9.

God forbid that I should wish them
sever'd
Whom God hath joined together.
III Hen. VI. 4:1.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin
or the leopard his spots?
Jer. xiii. 23.

Lions make leopards tame
Yea! but not change their spots.
Rich. II. 1:1.

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king
is a child. Eccl. x. 16.

Woe to the land that is govern'd
by a child. Rich. III. 2:3.

For that which I do I allow not,
for what I would that do I not.
Rom. vii. 15.

Alack, when once our grace we have
forgot
Nothing goes right; we would, and
we would not.
Meas. for Meas. 4:4.

Neither did their own arms save
them; but Thy right hand and thine
arm. Ps. xlv. 3.

O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all. Hen. V. 4:8.

What is man that thou are mind-
ful of him . . . thou hast made him
a little lower than the angels.
Ps. viii. 4.
Heb. ii. 6.

What a piece of work is man, how
noble in reason, how infinite in faculty,
in form and moving how express and
admirable, in action how like an angel.
Ham. 2:2.

Whose names were not written in
the book of life. Rev. xvii. 8.
Let them be blotted out of the book
of the living. Ps. lxxix. 28.

My name be blotted from the book
of life. Rich. II. 1:3.

To everything there is a season and
a time to every purpose under heaven.
Eccl. iii. 1.

There is a time for all things.
Com. Err. 2:2.

A cedar in Lebanon with fair
branches . . . and of high stature
. . . All the fowls of heaven made
their nests in his boughs and under his
branches did all the beasts of the field
bring forth their young.

Ezek. xxxi. 3, 6.

I indeed baptize you.

Matt. iii. 11.

Without a parable spake he not unto
them.

Matt. xiii. 34.

There was a certain rich man which
was clothed in purple. . . .

And there was a certain beggar
named Lazarus . . . moreover the
dogs came and licked his sores . . .

The beggar died, and was carried
by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

Luke xvi. 22.

Not this man but Barrabas. Now
Barrabas was a robber.

John xviii. 40.

He casteth out devils through
Beelzebub.

Luke xi. 15.

Legions of Angels.

Matt. xxvi. 53.

Then Herod . . . sent forth and
slew all the children that were in
Bethlehem. . . .

In Rama was there a voice heard,
lamentations and weeping and great
mourning, Rachel weeping for her chil-
dren and would not be comforted.

Matt. ii. 16, 18.

He (Herod) said, Go and search
diligently for the young child and
when ye have found him, bring me
word again that I may come and wor-
ship him.

Matt. ii. 8.

And the younger (son) said to his
father,—Father, give me the portion
of goods that falleth to me. . . .

And (he) took his journey into a
far country, and there wasted his sub-
stance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all. . . He
began to be in want.

Thus yield the cedar to the axe's edge
Whose arms gave shelter to the
princely eagle;

Under whose shade the ramping lion
slept;

Whose top branch over-peer'd love's
spreading tree.

III Hen. VI. 5:2.

I'll be new baptized.

Rom. and Jul. 2:2.

Thou shalt never get such a secret
from me.

But by a parable.

Two Gent. 2:5.

Dives that lived in purple.

I Hen. IV. 3:3.

As ragged as Lazarus in the painted
cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked
his sores.

I Hen. IV. 4:2.

Sweet peace, conduct his soul to
the bosom of good old Abraham.

Rich. II. 4:1.

Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a
Christian.

Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

Who's there i' the name of Belze-
bub.

Macb. 2:3.

He holds Belzebub at the staves
end.

Twelfth Night 5:1.

Legions of angels.

Merry Wives 1:3.

Whiles the mad mothers with their
howls confused,

Do break the clouds, as did the wives
of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-
men.

Hen. V. 3:3.

Let me have a child to whom

Herod of Jewry may do homage.

Ant. and Cleo. 1:2.

The story of the prodigal.

II Hen. IV. 2:1.

I have received my proportion like
the prodigious son. Two Gent. 2:3.

Shall I keep your hogs and eat
husks with them? What prodigal por-
tion have I spent that I should stand
to such penury?

As You Like It 1:1

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.
Luke xv. 12—16.

His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind.

John ix. 20.

Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?

If ye were blind ye should have no sin; but now ye say, we see; therefore your sin remaineth.

John ix. 2, 41.

And Nathaniel said, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

John i. 46.

Then went the devils out of the man and entered the swine.

Luke viii. 33.

He sat down with the twelve. And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. . .

He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

And forthwith he (Judas) came to Jesus and said Hail, Master! and kissed him.

Matt. xxvi. 20, 21, 23, 49.

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot.

John xiv. 22.

'Tis painted about with the story of the prodigal. Merry Wives 4:5.

You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping from eating draft and husks. I Hen. IV. 4:2.

What! hast thou been long blind and now restored?

Born blind!

Ay! indeed was he!

What woman is this?

His wife!

Had'st been his mother thou could'st have better told.

A blind man at St. Alban's shrine
Within this half-hour received his sight

A man that ne'er saw in this life.

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale

Although by his sight his sins be multiplied.
II Hen. VI. 2:1.

Bass. If it please you to dine with us!

Shy. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into.

Mer. of Ven. 1:3.

Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me?

So Judas did to Christ, but he in twelve

Found truth in all but one.

Rich. II. 4:1.

Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?

Tim. of Athens. 3:2.

So Judas kiss'd his master, and cried All hail! when as he meant, all harm!

III Hen. VI. 5:7.

His kisses are Judas's own children.

As You Like It. 3:4.

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas. Rich. II. 3:2.

A kissing traitor: How art thou prov'd Judas? Love's Labor 5:2.

My name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best.
Winter's Tale. 1:2.

Hol. "Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

Biron. A kissing traitor: How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am."—

Dum. The more shame for you Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.¹

Love's Labor 5: 2.

Pilate . . . took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person.
Matt. xxvii. 24.

With Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilate's

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross

And water cannot wash away your sins.
Rich. II. 4: 1.

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murther!
Rich. III. 1: 4.

The place called Golgotha.

Matt. xxvii. 33.

The place of a skull. Mark xv. 22.

The place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha.

John xix. 17.

And the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves.

Matt. xxvii. 52.

Memorize another Golgotha.

Macb. 1: 2.

And this land be call'd

The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
Rich. II. 4: 1.

And the grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets.

Ham. 1: 1.

Men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.

John iii. 19.

Those men
Blush not in actions black as night
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
Pericles 1: 1.

When the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen.
Rich. II. 3: 2.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

I Cor. xv. 26.

Death once dead, there's no more dying then.
Sonnet 146.

Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

Ps. xxii. 15.

—The way to dusty death.

Macb. 5: 5.

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Luke i. 79.

Darkness and the gloomy shade of death environ you.

I Hen. VI. 5: 4.

¹The common tradition was that Judas hang'd himself to an elder tree. Knight.

- Thou shalt surely die.
Gen. ii. 17.
- Dead in his harness.
II Macc. xv. 28.
- Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.
Gen. xlii. 38.
- I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.
Job x. 21.
- We spend our years as a tale that is told.
Ps. xc. 9.
- Man is like to vanity: his days are a shadow that passeth away.
Ps. cxliv. 4.
- Which long for death but it cometh not . . . which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave.
Job iii. 21, 22.
- My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.
Job vii. 6.
- To die is gain.
Phil. i. 21.
- I die daily.
I Cor. xv. 31.
- No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.
Heb. xii. 11.
- Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit.
Zech. iv. 6.
- The prince of this world cometh.
John xiv. 30.
- Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.
Matt. vii. 14.
Luke xiii. 24.
- Put not your trust in princes.
Ps. cxlvi. 3.
- Here we feel but the penalty of Adam.
As You Like It 2:1.
- We will die with harness on our back.
Mach. 5:5.
- Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief;
Ah, Humphrey this dishonor in thine age
Will bring thy heart with sorrow to the ground. II Hen. VI. 2:3.
- The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveller returns. Ham. 3:1.
- Life's but a walking shadow
. . . it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound
Signifying nothing. Mach. 5:5.
- My joy is death!
Death at whose name I oft have been
afear'd
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
II Hen. VI. 2:4.
- Life is a shuttle.
Merry Wives 5:1.
- Dying so, death is to him advantage.
Hen. V. 4:1.
- The queen . . .
Died every day she lived.
Mach. 4:3.
- Sweet are the uses of adversity.
As You Like It 2:1.
- Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
Love's Labor 1:1.
- He is the prince of this world.
All's Well 4:5.
- I am for the house with the narrow gate.
All's Well 4:5.
- O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors.
Hen. VIII. 3:2.

Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the ungodly.

Ps. i. 1.

A good name is rather to be chosen
than great riches.

Prov. xxii. 1.

A good name is better than precious
ointment.

Eccl. vii. 1.

For which of you intending to build
a tower, sitteth not down first and
counteth the cost, whether he have
sufficient to finish it?

Luke xiv. 28.

Out of the abundance of the heart
the mouth speaketh.) A good man out
of the good treasure of the heart
bringeth forth good things and an evil
man out of the evil treasure bringeth
forth evil things.

Matt. xii. 34, 35.

Those things which proceed out of
the mouth come forth from the heart,
and they defile the man. For out of
the heart proceed evil thoughts.

Matt. xv. 18, 19.

Mark vii. 21.

The tongue is a fire, a world of
iniquity.

James III. 6.

Their tongue is deceitful.

Micah vi. 12.

He that rolleth a stone it will re-
turn upon him.

Prov. xxvi. 27.

Remember not the sins of my youth.

Ps. xxv. 7.

Let me be weighed in an even
balance.

Job xxxi. 6.

Prosperity and adversity . . .
God hath set the one over against the
other.

Eccl. 7. 14.

'Tis meet—

That noble minds keep ever with their
likes.

Jul. Cæs. 1:2.

Good name, in man and woman, dear
my lord

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash.

But he that filches from me my good
name

Robs me of that which not enriches
him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Othello 3:3.

When we mean to build
Then must we rate the cost of erec-
tion

Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the
model

In fewer offices; or desist

To build at all.

II Hen. IV. 1:3.

What his heart thinks his tongue
speaks.

Much Ado 3:2.

All offenses, my lord, come from the
heart.

Hen. V. 4:8.

The tongues of men are full of
deceits.

Hen. V. 5:2.

When we first put this dangerous stone
a rolling

T'would fall upon ourselves.

Hen. VIII. 5:2.

If the sins of your youth are for-
given you.

Winters Tale 3:3.

Justice always whirls in equal
measure.

Love's Labor 4:3.

The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and evil together.

All's Well 4:3.

Thorns and snares are in the way of
the froward. Prov. xxii. 5.

I am amazed methinks, and lose my
way
Among the thorns and dangers of this
world. King John 4: 3.

The way of a fool is right in his
own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto
counsel is wise. Prov. xii. 15.

The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows he is a fool.
As You Like It 5: 1.

If any man seemeth to be wise in
this world let him become a fool that
he may be wise. I Cor. iii. 18.

Be sure your sins will find you out.
Num. xxxii. 23.

For murder though it have no tongue
will speak
With most miraculous organ.
Ham. 2: 2.

Visiting the iniquity of the fathers
upon the children unto the third and
fourth generation. Ex. xx. 5.

The sins of the father are to be laid
upon the children.
Mer. of Ven. 3: 5.
Thy sins are visited in this child
The canon of the law is laid on him
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin conceiving
womb. King John 2: 1.

He that loveth silver shall not be
satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth
abundance with increase. Eccl. v. 10.

The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and
painful fits
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to
behold. Lucrece, St. 123.

What fellowship hath the wolf with
the lamb. Eccclus xiii. 17.

Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends
Pray you who does the wolf love?
The Lamb.
Ah! to devour him. Corio. 2: 1.

Canst thou draw out Leviathan with
a hook? Job xli. 1.

We may as bootless spend our vain
command as send precepts to the
Leviathan
To come ashore. Hen. V. 3: 3.

There shall not a hair fall from the
head of any of you. Acts xxvii. 34.

There is no soul
No, not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in this vessel
Which thou heard'st cry.
The Tempest 1: 2.

The heavens declare the glory of
God and the firmament showeth his
handy work. . . . There is no speech
nor language where their voice is not
heard. Ps. xix. 1, 3.

When the morning stars sang to-
gether. Job xxxviii. 7.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold:
There's not the smallest orb which
thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.¹
Mer. of Ven. 5: 1.

¹ Hallam speaks of this passage as "The most sublime," perhaps, in Shak-
speare.

Who fed thee in the wilderness
with manna. Deut. vii. 16.
Num. xi. 9.

For with my staff I (Jacob) passed
over this Jordan. Gen. xxii. 10.

The full soul loatheth an honey-
comb. Prov. xxvii. 7.

Hast thou found honey? Eat so
much as is sufficient for thee lest thou
be filled therewith and vomit it.
Prov. xxv. 16.

Unstable as water. Gen. xlix. 4.

Fear not, neither be thou dismayed.
Josh. viii. 1.

Every man is tempted when he is
drawn away of his own lust, and en-
ticed. Then when lust hath conceived
it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it
is finished bringeth forth death.
James i. 14, 15.

To be tempted of the devil.
Matt. iv. 1.

The father shall be divided against
the son and the son against the father.
Luke xii. 53.

O generation of vipers.
Matt. iii. 7.

Their poison is like the poison of a
serpent, they are like the deaf adder.
Ps. lvi. 44.

They have sharpened their tongues
like a serpent; adder's poison is under
their lips. Ps. cxl. 3.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the
way of starved people.
Mer. of Ven. 5: 1.

By Jacob's staff I swear.
Mer. of Ven. 2: 5.

They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness.
I Hen. IV. 3: 2.

The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the
appetite,
Therefore love moderately.
Rom. and Jul. 2: 6.

False as water. Othello 5: 2.

Cheer thy heart, and be thou not
dismay'd. Rich. III. 5: 3.

The expense of spirit in a waste of
shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of
blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to
trust; . . .
All this the world well knows; yet
none know well
To shun the heaven that leads men
to this hell. Sonnet 129.

Shall I be tempted of the devil
thus? Rich. III. 4: 4.

—And the bond
Cracked between son and father:
This villian of mine comes under the
prediction; There's son against
father. King Lear 1: 2.

A generation of vipers.
Troil. and Cress. 3: 1.

Have ears more deaf than adders.
Troil and Cress. 2: 2.
Art thou like the adder, waxen deaf
Be poisonous too.
II Hen. VI. 3: 2.

An adder did it
For with doubler tongue than thine,
Thou serpent—never adder stung.
Mid. N. Dr. 3: 2.

The dog is turned to his own vomit
again. II Peter ii. 22.

Let the day perish in which I was
born, and the night in which it was
said, there is a man child conceived.
Job iii. 3.

Seven other kine, poor and very
ill-favored and lean fleshed.
Gen. xli. 19.

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to
live. Ex. xxii. 18.

For satan himself is transformed
into an angel of light.
II Cor. xi. 14.

How art thou fallen from heaven
O, Lucifer . . . yet thou shalt be
brought down to hell.
Isa. xiv. 12, 15.

What is thy name? And he said,
Legion, because many devils were
entered in him. Luke viii. 30.
Mark v. 9.

Then the devil said . . . It is
written, He shall give his angels
charge concerning thee.
Matt. iv. 5, 6.

And Satan said, skin for skin. Yea
all that a man hath will he give for
his life. But put forth thine hand now
and touch his bone and his flesh and
he will curse thee to thy face.

Then said his wife unto him, dost
thou still retain thine integrity? Curse
God and die. But he said, What! shall
we receive good at the hand of God
and not evil; in all this did not Job
sin with his lips. Job ii. 4, 10.

So, so, thou common dog did'st thou
disgorge
Thy glutton bosom . . .
And now thou would'st eat thy dead
vomit up. II Hen. IV. 1:3.

Turn this day out of the week;
. . . Let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall
this day. King John 3:1.

If to be fat be to be hated then
Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
I Hen. IV. 2:4.

Receive the sentence of the law for
sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged
to death . . .
The witch shall be burned to ashes.
II Hen. VI. 2:3.

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
Ham. 2:2. ✓

When devils will their blackest sins
put on
They do suggest at first with heavenly
shows. Othello 2:3.

Thou art more deep damned than
Prince Lucifer.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of
hell. King John 4:3.
He falls like Lucifer never to hope
again. Hen. VIII. 3:2.

Though he be as goot a gentleman
as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub
himself. Hen. V. 4:7.

If all the devils in hell be drawn
in little, and Legion himself possessed
him. Twelfth Night 3:4.

The devil can cite scripture for his
purpose. Mer. of Ven. 1:3.

I am as poor as Job, but not as
patient. II Hen. IV. 1:2.

Ford. Slandorous as Satan?

Page. And poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Merry Wives 5:5.

The prince of this world cometh.
John xiv. 30.

For it was not an enemy that reproached me: then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me.

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked into the house of God in company.
Ps. lv. 12, 14.

Whosoever shall say 'thou fool' shall be in danger of hell fire.

Matt. v. 22.

The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.
Ps. xcii. 12.

I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.

Rom. ix. 15.

Thou shalt not kill. Ex. xx. 13.

Thou shalt do no murder.

Matt. xix. 18.

Thou shalt not steal.

Ex. xx. 15.

Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness.

Isa. v. 20.

His mischief shall return upon his own head.

Ps. vii. 16.

His blood be on us and our children.

Matt. xxvii. 25.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith, and he that hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like him.

Ecclus xiii. 1.

He is the prince of the world.

All's Well 4:5.

The private wound is deepest: O time, most accurs'd,
Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Two Gent. of Ver. 5:4.

Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might have coin'd me into gold . . .

May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger?

Hen. V. 2:2.

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

Mer. of Ven. 1:1.

You shall see him a palm in Athens again.

Tim. of Athens 5:1.

The words of Heaven,—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not so; yet still 'tis just.

Meas. for Meas. 1:3.

The great King of Kings hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder.

Rich. III. 1:4.

Thou shalt not steal.

Meas. for Meas. 1:2.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths.

Mach. 1:3.

O God, what mischief work the wicked ones

Heaping confusion on their own head thereby.

II Hen. VI. 2:1.

My deeds upon my head.

Mer. of Ven. 4:1.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.

Much Ado 3:3.

As like to pitch defile nobility.

II Hen. VI. 2:1.

This pitch doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest.

I Hen. IV. 2:4.

As he that lieth down in the midst
of the sea, or as he that lieth down
upon the top of a mast.

Prov. xxiii. 34.

Strong bulls of Bashan have beset
me round. They gaped upon me with
their mouths as a ravening and roar-
ing lion.

Ps. xxii. 12, 13.

If a man dies and have no son, then
ye shall cause his inheritance to pass
upon his daughter.

Num. xxvii. 8.

The ten commandments.

Ex. xxxiv. 28.

And the Lord God took the man
and put him into the garden of Eden
to dress it.

Gen. ii. 15.

The woman said, the serpent be-
guiled me and I did eat.

Gen. iii. 13.

And the Lord God sent him
(Adam) forth from the garden to till
the ground.

Gen. iii. 23.

And Eve bare Cain and said, I have
gotten a man from the Lord.

Gen. iv. 1.

Cain rose up against Abel his
brother and slew him.

Gen. iv. 8.

The voice of thy brother's blood
crieth unto me from the ground.

Gen. iv. 10.

And now art thou cursed from the
earth.

Gen. iv. 11.

A fugitive and a vagabond shalt
thou be in the earth.

Gen. iv. 12.

And they went unto Noah into the
ark two and two of all flesh . . . And
the flood was forty days upon the
earth.

Gen. vii. 15, 17.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Rich III 3:4.

O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd.

Ant. and Cleo. 3:2.

In the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.

Hen. V. 1:2.

I'd set my ten commandments in
your face.

II Hen. VI. 1:3.

Thou old Adam's likeness set to
dress this garden. . . .
What Eve, what serpent hath sug-
gested thee.

To make a second fall of cursed man.

Rich II. 3:4.

In the state of innocency Adam fell.

I Hen. IV. 3:3.

The scripture says, Adam digged.

Ham. 5:1.

The birth of Cain, the first male
child.

King John 3:4.

The first born Cain.

II Hen. IV. 1:1.

How the knave jowls it to the ground,
As if it were Cain's jawbone that did
the first murder.

Ham. 5:1.

O my offence is rank, it smells to
heaven

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't
A brother's murder.

Ham. 3:3.

Which blood like sacrificing Abel's
cries

Even from the tongueless cavern of
the earth.

Rich. II 1:1.

Thy brother's blood the thirsty
earth hath drunk.

III Hen. VI. 2:3.

Be thou cursed Cain

To slay thy brother Abel.

I Hen. VI. 1:3.

With Cain, go wander through the
shade of night.

Rich. II 5:6.

There is sure another flood toward
And these couples are coming to the
ark.

As You Like It 5:4.

Noah's flood could not do it.

Com. of Err. 3:2.

None of you shall approach to any
that is near of kin. Lev. xviii. 6.

Adam's sons are my brethren, and
truly
I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.
Much Ado. 2: 1.

And the house of Jacob shall be a
fire, and the house of Joseph a flame,
and the house of Esau for stubble
and they shall kindle in them and
there shall not be any remaining house
of Esau. Obadiah. Verse 18.

—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble, and their
blaze
Shall darken him forever.
Corio. 2: 1.

He that ruleth over men must be
just. II Sam. xxiii. 3.

He who the sword of Heaven will
bear,
Should be as holy as severe.
Meas. for Meas. 3: 2.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a
murderer. I John iii. 15.

Hates any man the thing he would
not kill. Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.

And Jacob said thou shalt not give
me anything: if thou wilt do this thing
for me I will again feed and keep thy
flock.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle
Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham
was.

I will pass through all thy flock
to-day, removing from thence all
speckled and spotted cattle, and all the
brown cattle among the sheep, and the
spotted and speckled among the goats:
and of such shall be my hire.¹

Ant. And what of him? did he take
interest?

Gen. xxx. 31.

Shy. No, not take interest, not as
you would say—
Directly interest. Mark what Jacob
did:

When Laban and himself were com-
promised
That all the Eanlings² which were
streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire. . . .

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that
Jacob serv'd for

A thing not in his power to bring to
pass,
But sway'd and fashioned by the hand
of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest
good?³

Or is your gold and silver ewes and
rams?
Mer. of Ven. 1: 3.

Then Jael . . . took a hammer in
her hand . . . and smote the nail into
his temples, and fastened it to the
ground, for he was fast asleep.

Judges iv. 21.

I'll yield him thee asleep
Where thou may'st knock a nail into
his head. Tempest 3: 2.

And he (Samson) smote them hip
and thigh with a great slaughter.

Judges xv. 8.

I am not Samson
To mow them down before me.
Hen. VIII. 5: 3.

¹ Compare Gen. xxx. 27-43 with the description of Jacob-Laban contract in the
Mer. of Ven.

² Eanling — a lamb new-born.

³ This shows that Shakspeare used the version known as Bishop's Bible (1568).
Sprague's Notes.

And Samson took the doors of the gate of the city . . . put them upon his shoulders and carried them to the top of the hill. Judges xvi. 3.

And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord. Judges xi. 30.

And Jephthah judged Israel six years. Judges xii. 7.

Goliath of Gath . . . and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam. I Sam. xvii. 7.

Therefore David ran and stood upon the Philistine and took his sword and slew him, and cut off his head. I Sam. xvii. 51.

When the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord she came to prove him with hard questions. I Kings x. 1.

Because the King's command was urgent and the fire exceeding hot the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Dan. iii. 22.

And Daniel convicted them of false witness. And from that day forth was Daniel had in great reputation. Susanna Vs. 61, 64.

If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. Episcopal Prayer Book.

Samson Master: . . . he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter. Love's Labor 1:2. ✓

To keep that oath were more impiety Than Jephthah's when he sacrificed his daughter. III Hen. VI. 5:1.

Ham. O Jephthah judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he my lord? . . .

Ham. Am I not i' the right old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah my lord,

I have a daughter that I love passing well.¹ Ham. 2:2. ✓

Goliath with a weaver's beam. Merry Wives. 5:1.

With his own sword Which he did wave against my throat . . . I have taken His head from him. Cymb. 4:2.

Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue Than this pure soul shall be. Hen. VIII 5:4.

See the whole of Cranmer's blessing upon the Royal infant in Hen. VIII.

Heat not a furnace so hot That it do singe thyself. Hen. VIII. 1:1.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel O wise young Judge, how I do honor thee. Mer. of Ven. 4:1..

If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it. Much Ado. 4:1.

¹ The story of Jephthah's daughter so copiously quoted in this play is given in Judges xi. 30-40.

BOOK THIRD

The Religious World of Shakspeare

- I. VERSATILITY OF SHAKSPEARE IN THE USE OF THE BIBLE*
- II. TYPES OF CHARACTER FROM SCRIPTURE*
- III. HEROES AND HEROINES*
- IV. THE MORAL INCULCATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE*
- V. TRAGEDY IN THE BIBLE AND IN SHAKSPEARE*
- VI. RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE PLOTS OF THE PLAYS*
- VII. SHAKSPEARE AND IMMORTALITY*

I

VERSATILITY OF SHAKSPEARE IN THE USE OF THE BIBLE

The "universality of Shakspeare" is in nothing more strikingly manifested than in the use he makes of his wide and general knowledge of the Scriptures. This fact is very copiously illustrated in a portion of this work, entitled "Scripture Themes."

But there are some examples of his versatility of genius which are of peculiar interest from the standpoint of this volume. With great facility the dramatist employs the same Scripture facts, in different plays, representing a wide range of human motives, passions and conduct.

Thus, he frequently makes the hand of Cain and the blood of Abel to tell, in various ways, the respective stories which are forever associated with them. The parable of the Prodigal Son serves for various uses in five plays, and Judas is named, or referred to, in seven different plays to express the odium which is embodied in his very name, as well as the infamy of betrayal of which it is a synonym. (See Parallel Passages and Scripture Themes.)

What a stroke of genius is exhibited in the use of Scripture, in KING HENRY V! A dispute arises between England and France which Henry makes a *casus belli*. In a conference with the Archbishop of Canterbury the question in dispute is thus expounded:—

"There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
' No woman shall succeed in Salique land.' "

Canterbury goes on to declare that Salique land is really in Germany and not in France at all, and makes an elaborate argument to prove that the disputed territory which had come down through a female line was not subject to the law of King Pharamond. King Henry, anxious to justify himself, in his intended war, and at the same time secure the good will of the church, asks: "May I with right and conscience make this claim?" And Canterbury answers:—

“The sin upon my head dread sovereign;
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.”

Hen. V. 1: 2.

Again, in the play of HAMLET how skillfully employed is the story of Jephthah and his daughter in a conversation with Polonius. And the same Bible incident serves to illustrate the effects of a sinful oath in this passage:—

“To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephthah’s, when he sacrificed his daughter.”

III Hen. VI. 5: 1.

A striking picture is drawn in Richard II. The King, while imprisoned in a dungeon at Pomfret Castle, indulges in a soliloquy upon a very singular thought:—

“Studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet, I’ll hammer it out.
My brain I’ll prove the female to my soul;
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts,
For no thought is contented.”

Strange as this fancy is, it is attended with devout and Scriptural reference:—

“The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:¹
As thus,—Come little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle’s eye.”

Rich. II. 5: 5.

¹ Some versions give “faith” here instead of “word.”

The Scripture parallel of this is given elsewhere in this work, but it is worthy of notice here, that the dramatist saw the true meaning of the "eye of a needle" in Matt. xix. 24; hence the use of the word "postern" conveying the thought of a small door or gate.

While Shakspeare, in his environment, was unable to do justice to the genius and character of Joan d'Arc, yet how greatly his portraiture of that marvelous French maiden excels the prejudiced conceptions of his times.¹ On the one hand, he presents the slanderous caricatures which were current in his day yet he raises her, at once, to a person of lofty aims, pure motives, and great achievements, by comparing her with Deborah:—

"Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah."

All Bible readers know that Deborah was a woman of great note in the Hebrew nation:—a prophetess who judged Israel,² "the great dame of Lapidoth,"³ who was associated with Barak against Sisera in a triumphant attack which brought freedom from foreign oppression. Thus, in a single line, the great dramatist compares the "Maid of Orleans" with the only woman in Scripture, or perhaps in all history, whose character, genius and experience were so strikingly and uniquely comparable with her own.⁴

In RICHARD III. a Scripture allusion is employed, in a single sentence, to convey a thought which could not otherwise be so strikingly expressed. At the close of the able and eloquent speech of the Bishop of Carlisle he says:—

¹The wonderful saviour of her county, "Joan of Arc," is portrayed by Shakspeare with an Englishman's prejudices; yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the Poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause." Dramatic Literature, A. W. Schlegel.

²Judges 4:4. ³Tennyson.

⁴If, as some claim, the sketch of Joan was worked into the play by some other hand than Shakspeare's these remarks would not appear so apposite. In Mr. Mabie's able articles, published in the *Outlook*, after the above was written, he says: "It is difficult to find his (Shakspeare's) hand in the cheap and coarse presentation of Joan of Arc, he was incapable of so vulgar a misreading of a great career; his insight would have saved him from so gross a blunder."

“ . . . This land shall be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men’s skulls.”

A religious imposture,—a so-called miracle, captures the credence and sympathy of King Henry VI. In referring to this sham, Shakspeare weaves into the play a very obvious reference to the miracle of healing of the blind man, recorded in St. John’s gospel:—

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king: tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban’s shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv’d his sight;
A man that ne’er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais’d, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor’d?

Simp. Born blind, an’t please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an’t like your worship.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God’s goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

II Hen. VI. 2: 1.

One of the most finished of the works of Shakspeare (which is thought by some to have been his last) is the allegorical play of *THE TEMPEST*. According to some authorities the Poet drew some of his material for this masterly work from the circumstances of a terrible tempest which overcame a fleet of nine ships, leaving England in May, 1609, one of which was afterwards reported from the Bermuda Islands (see Hudson’s Introduction to the *Tempest*). This date agrees with the time at which Shakspeare wrote the play, or thereabouts.

But whatever may have been the original source of the Poet’s plot it is certain that much of its thought and language were suggested to his

mind by the Bible.¹ Evidently he had especially in view the wreck of St. Paul on the Island of Melita;—witness the description in Acts xxvii., and note especially the 34th verse: “There shall not *an hair* fall from the head of any of you.”

And then read Shakspeare’s words:—

“there is no soul
No, nor so much perdition as *an hair*
Betid to any creature in the vessel.”
Tempest I: 2.

After the storm which these words refer to, Ariel tells Prospero that “Not a hair perish’d.”

And when Miranda asks, “How came we ashore?” Prospero replies, “By divine Providence.”

In *THE TEMPEST* Ariel is the Chief Minister of Prospero—a mysterious agent, *essential to the play*. Where did the Poet find the suggestion of this figure?

The answer to this question is found in the book of Isaiah: “Woe to Ariel, to Ariel the city. . . Yet will I distress Ariel and there shall be heaviness and sorrow: and it shall be unto me as Ariel. . . And thou shalt be brought down and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust. . . Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of hosts with thunder and earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest.”—*Isai. xxix: 1, 2, 4, 6*.

To the Poet’s art the passage of thought from *Ariel, the city*—an exhibition of divine justice, to *Ariel, a spirit of the air*, with a similar mission was simple and easy, while the entire conception of Shakspeare’s Ariel is suggested in the above quotation from Isaiah.

Again and again Scriptural figures and language occur in *THE TEMPEST*. Caliban says:—

¹Since completing the MS. for this volume the Author has seen for the first time a little work by James Rees, entitled “Shakspeare and the Bible,” published in Philadelphia in 1876. Mr. Rees treats this subject at greater length and says: “There is not to be found in any romance or play, prior to the production of ‘The Tempest,’ a more remarkable identification with Scripture than that contained in this play, and which no other writer but a Shakspeare could have so reverently, and so admirably, blended with St. Paul’s shipwreck on the Island of Melita.”

“ I'll yield him thee asleep
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head,” 3: 2.

an evident allusion to Jael's deed as described in Judges iv.
When Prospero says:—

“ The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind,” 4: 1.

we naturally recall the words of I Peter iii:10, 11.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL furnishes further illustrations of the use of Scripture. When the King of France answers Helena's plea that he will try her deceased's father's remedy for the disease which afflicts him, the King says:—

“ We thank you maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us.”

Helena replies in the terms, and almost the very language, of Scripture:—

“ He that of greatest work is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.”

And when the King opposes her argument she answers:—

“ Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd;
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.”
All's Well 2: 1.

The maiden's eloquent earnestness eventually wins the King's consent to try the remedy. When a cure is effected, all are amazed, and a courtier remarks:—"They say miracles are past. . . he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—very hand of Heaven."

In the same play (*All's Well* 1:3) a clown makes a witty answer to a Countess, thus: "No, madam, 'tis not well that I am poor though many of the rich are damned." This is, without doubt, an allusion to the Scripture saying: "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of Heaven."

In *CYMBELINE* we notice a reference to the doctrine that suffering and punishment are related,—the one to the other:—

" Will poor folks lie
That have affliction on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial." 3: 6.

In the play of *OTHELLO* an allusion is made to certain Calvinistic doctrines prevalent in Shakspeare's time. Cassio is drunk, and he speaks in that half-intelligible sense which often marks a man of education when drunk: "Heaven's above all; and there be souls be saved and there be souls must not be saved."

These trifling and sometimes irreverent references to Scripture themes which we find current in the language of certain characters in Shakspeare are natural and reasonable. Bible talk was so common in his day that it was subject to all sorts of confused and absurd paraphrasing. The Poet does not represent frivolous characters as talking with reverence of holy subjects, or as quoting the Scriptures with accuracy and fitness; yet he could not portray them fully, as he has done, had he omitted these misappropriations of biblical passages and thought. Many passages of Scripture are lightly and irreverently employed, but always by such characters, and under such circumstances, as might be expected. For example, in act 3 of the *COMEDY OF ERRORS* some men appear on the stage;—a courtesan enters and the following conversation ensues:—

Ant. S. Satan avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the Devil.

Dro. S. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light
. . . marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.

In the same play is this allusion to the New Testament account of Christ commanding the Devil to depart from a man:—

“I charge thee, Satan, hous’d within this man
To yield possession to my holy prayers.” 4: 4.

In *ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL* there is a speech in which Scriptural figurative terms are mixed up in a strange kind of jumble, yet in a way that is consistent with the character of the clown who makes it:—

“I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire.¹ But sure he is the prince of this world;² let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate³ which I take to be too little for pomp to enter, some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they’ll be for the flowery way⁴ that leads to the broad gate³ and the great fire!” 4: 5.

Another admixture of religious phrases with ignorance and folly occurs in the play of *HENRY V.* Falstaff is reported dead, and a conversation takes place in Mrs. Quickly’s disreputable house, where are gathered a few of the followers of the “unsavory knight”:—

“*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome’er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he’s not in hell: he’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went to Arthur’s bosom. A ’made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom⁵ child; a’ parted ev’n just between twelve and one, ev’n at the turning o’ the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his finger’s end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a’ babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So a’ cried out—God, God, God! three or four times:

¹Matt. 25: 41. ²John 12: 31, and 14: 30. ³Matt. 7: 13, 14. ⁴Job 14: 2 and James 1: 10, 11.

⁵Christom is a Quickly form of chrisom. A chrisom-child was one that died within a month after the birth; so called from the chrisom, which was a white cloth put upon the child at baptism, and used for its shroud, in case it did not outlive the first month. The term was derived from the chrisom, that is, the anointing, which made a part of baptism before the Reformation. *Footnote in Hudson’s Shakspeare.*

now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." 2:3.

This is a perfectly natural speech coming from such a source at such a time. The woman (Quickly) had been awed by the death-scene, and memories of her early, crude, religious education were recalled. She remembered the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, although, in her ignorance, she spoke of "Arthur's bosom" instead of Abraham's and she had a confused memory of the twenty-third Psalm, while Falstaff "babbled of green fields."

In the play of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA are several references to Herod of Jewry. An Egyptian woman named Charmian says: "Let me have a child at fifty to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage." It was Herod of Jewry (Herod the Great) whose fear of the young child Jesus led him to inquire of the Wise Men of the East and say to them, "Go, and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him bring me word again that I may come and worship him also." It was to Egypt that the mother of Jesus fled with her babe to escape from the hand of Herod. Commenting upon this play, Steeven says: "Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarch of the earth may be brought under his yoke."

The death of Antiochus in the play of PERICLES very forcibly reminds us of the death of King Herod as may be seen in the parallel of the following passages:—

"And upon a certain day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout saying, it is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost."

Acts xii, 21: 23.

Hel. No, Escames; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance, that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot of

An inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
 Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. 2: 4.

In Act 5, Scene 1, of *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*, when Isabella presses for justice one is reminded of the parable of the importunate widow in *Luke xviii*.—

“O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!”

In the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* Shylock expresses his contempt for Launcelot with a Scripture figure:—

“What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?”

And when the Jew whets his knife to cut the Merchant's flesh the Poet makes the witty Gratiano say:—

“Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?” 4: 1.

These allusions are often so subtle that, as Sprague says, “we who know less of the Scripture are sometimes slow to catch them.” See for instance how Shakspeare uses the word “manna.” Fair ladies you drop manna on the way of starved people 5:1. Evidently he alludes to the provision of manna for the starving Israelites.

Even the clownish Launcelot quotes the Scriptures:—

“The sins of the father are to be laid upon the children.” 3: 5.

IN *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* there is a parody on Paul's eloquent words in I Cor. xi: 9. Bottom, the weaver, in a ludicrous account of a dream, says: "The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was." 4: 1. Such an absurd paraphrasing of that sublime passage would be monstrous if it were dragged into the play, but it is so consistent and so natural to the clownish Bottom that one feels that it is neither irrelevant nor irreverent.

These are but a few illustrations of the Poet's versatile employment of the Scriptures. His Biblical allusions are found in every page of his greater plays and his poems constantly reveal some spiritual thought. One cannot read any of his works, with an open mind, without being frequently surprised with a gem, hitherto undiscovered and the Bible is very frequently its source.

Many persons wonder that Shakspeare did not more fully and literally quote Scripture, but almost invariably alludes to it and expresses its thoughts and teachings in his own words. In this respect the Poet treated Scripture as he did all other literature. He very rarely quoted anything, but of all that his mind was familiar with, he unconsciously wove into the text of his writings in his own language.

The author of a recently published book makes a suggestion which is of interest in this connection: "With peculiar care and delicacy he (Shakspeare) avoids quoting the text of Scripture, lest he should incur the reproof of, or offend the clergy, and thus defeat his happy purpose of pointing to the Word of life. He therefore ingeniously endeavors to awaken the curiosity of the ignorant, and enliven the devout intelligence of Scripture readers and all church members by his method of application. In his Poems he pursues an entirely different course, abstaining from an open reference to Bible figures incident to its teachings, he breathes out spiritual truth in figurative language full of devout aspirations, presenting out of his own secret experience, the corruption of the natural heart and the discovered remedy in the new man, Christ Jesus."¹

If the student of the Bible and of Shakspeare will keep in mind the suggestion of this short chapter he will find that in many of the Poet's works, Scripture allusions may be seen shining out on every page, as one may see stars in the heavens which do not appear to the casual observer.

¹ Christ in Shakspeare. By Charles Ellis,—(London, 1897).

II

TYPES OF CHARACTER FROM SCRIPTURE

Whether or not Shakspeare sought for his types in the Bible it is certain that there is a striking similarity in many of them; as seen in his references to Cain, the Prodigal Son, Judas, Herod, Pilate, etc. And many of his typical characters and illustrations were drawn from the Scriptures. He selects a Jew to represent mercenary meanness and vindictive revenge, and a Bible character is employed to furnish the portrait. Shylock defends his trade of usury by Jacob's trick in securing for himself the better portion of his uncle Laban's flock. This he claims as a perfect example, for he says:—

“When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.”

Mer. of Ven. I: 3.

Jacob is Shylock's pattern and saint; by him he swears: “By Jacob's staff I swear.”

In the opening words of the play Antonio expresses a sense of sadness which he seems to be unable to account for; but his friends think that, with all his wealth and interests “tossing on the ocean,” he may well be troubled. Salarino says:—

“Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. . . .
. . . Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream?” *I:I.*

When the dramatist would paint the portrait of Shylock's opposite, he seems to have had in mind Paul's "peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." At the critical moment, Antonio says to his friend for whom he is bond:—

"Repent not that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart." 4:1.

Again, in CYMBELINE, is a story which is very suggestive of David and Goliath; Cloten, the braggart son of the King, finds Guiderius in the forest who is, unknown to himself, also a son of the King, but living, from his infancy, a rude shepherd's life, with a banished lord. Cloten addresses the youth in the style of a bully: "What slave art thou—Art not afraid?"

To which the young man courageously answers:—

"Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise.
At fools I laugh, not fear them."

Attacking him with his sword, Cloten boastfully exclaims:—

"Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my own proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads."

They retire from the scene fighting, and in short order Guiderius returns, bearing the boastful prince's head, and says:—

"With his own sword
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him." Cymb. 4:2.

A more generally recognized draft upon the Bible for types of character is found in the play of Macbeth, which is treated at some length in the chapter on "Tragedy in the Bible and Shakspeare."

The play of HAMLET stands alone. It is the crowning study of the great Shakspeare. It has no parallel in all literature. Hamlet himself,

as Shakspeare painted him, is more than a type; he is multi-type. He is the problem of mankind,—the human mystery personified.¹

There is no other single character in all literature about whom critics differ so widely, and it seems probable, as Schlegel suggests, that every new student of this colossal sphinx will differ with all others "in his view of the connection and the significance of all the parts." On the one question, of the "madness" of Hamlet, the ablest of critics differ as widely as possible. Lowell says: "If Hamlet is irresponsible the whole is chaos;" while Hudson says: "In plain terms Hamlet is mad." Richard Grant White says: "Nothing should be kept more clearly in mind than that from the time we hear of him (Hamlet) until his death he was perfectly sane, and a man of very clear and quick intellectual perceptions—one perfectly responsible for his every act and every word; that is, as responsible as a man can be who is constitutionally irresolute, purposeless, and procrastinating." Coleridge says: "Hamlet's wildness is but half false." Mr. Snider has, we think, stated the case correctly when he says: "Hamlet's insanity is feigned, his immediate object being to deceive Polonius and the court, in order that he might more surely pursue his greater and more ultimate object—the discovery and punishment of the King's guilt."²

Of all the great characters of Shakspeare, Hamlet was the most negative in the realm of faith. As Lowell says, he "is the most eminently a metaphysician and psychologist." Yet, we notice that Hamlet is constantly standing on holy ground. He is ever near the mysterious and the profoundly religious. Even in his most skeptical moods he impresses us more with the realities, which he doubts, than he could do, if he declared himself a believer in them. Death and Immortality are constantly in view. (See Chap. 7.)

Whatever other material Shakspeare had in his possession when he produced this masterly portrait, we may see that he drew largely from Scripture. The whole play abounds in allusions which cannot be mistaken.

The religious and philosophic aspects of Hamlet find a counterpart in some of the characteristics of Job. Very much of the tone and color

¹The drama is severe. Truth doubts it. Sincerity lies in it. Nothing more vast, nothing more subtle. In this tragedy, which is at the same time a philosophy, all is fluid, all hesitates, delays, wavers, is decomposed, scattered, dissipated, the thought is mist, the will is vapor, resolution crepuscular, the action changes every instant, the compass rules the man. . . . Hamlet is the *chef-d'oeuvre* of tragedy dreaming." Victor Hugo.

²The Shakspeare Drama. Denton I. Snider.

of Hamlet's dress and speech, in his more serious, as well as in his cynical moments, are like those of Job. The speech of Hamlet to his two friends would sound quite natural, if addressed by Job to his "comforters." And it is noticeable that the idea of acting the part of watchful counselors was much the same in both cases. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two friends of Hamlet, are directed by the King to watch the prince in his strange moods and doubtful actions, and it is in connection with these that Hamlet offers some of the profoundest wit of the play.

So likewise Job's three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, "made an appointment together" to watch and comfort Job in his strange affliction and it was in their conversations that we find many of the profound utterances which abound in the Book.

To his "friends" Hamlet says: "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass." 3: 2.

To his "friends" Job says:—"Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind?" And again he asks: "Am I a sea or a whale that thou settest a watch over me?"

It is significant that Hamlet uses the same figure (a whale) in his parry with Polonius, occurring immediately after the conversation from which the above quotation is taken. And again, when Job in his satire says: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you" we have one of those sayings that is so much like Hamlet that it has been quoted as his.

Hamlet was a man of moods—overweighted with a sense of responsibility and care; and there were times when this also was true of Job. In his great sorrow Job cries out to be hidden in the grave, and exclaims: "If a man die shall he live again?" And Hamlet puts the same question in another form in that well-known exclamation, "To be, or not to be, that is the question."

With a fine appreciation of man's nobility and majesty of character Hamlet exclaims: "What a piece of work is a man!" At another time his thought took opposite direction, as to the baser and sensuous qualities of man, and he inquires:—

"What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more."

He recognizes God's purpose in relation to man, for he adds:—

“Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused.” 4: 4.

We find the parallel of this in Job's noble exclamation: “What is man that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?” Job vii. 17.

In the final result there is no parallel, but an opposite, in Hamlet and Job. Hamlet comes to the inevitable failure of a life unbalanced and undirected. His mind constantly reverted to the verities of religion, but he had no positive faith in God. He was, as a noble ship without anchor, and without a port. He takes vengeance in his own hand and is controlled by a leaning to fate. Even the Scriptural doctrine of Providence he twists into an argument of fatalism. He says: “There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.” But he treats this doctrine as an utterance of the inevitable, and adds: “If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come.” 5: 2.

But Job, who is sometimes on the verge of despair, yet ever rises. He says: “My soul is weary of my life.” In his gloom he is on a level with Hamlet's cry of “The undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns—” for he says, “Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.” But he rises out of this darkness into the full light: “For I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

It is true that one may scan the plot of this marvelous creation of Shakspeare's without perceiving these spiritual truths and analogies, yet, we think, no one can study it, in any of its parts, without finding gems of Scripture truths in every page of it.

This chapter serves to emphasize the fact of our Poet's drafts upon the Bible for character-types; but further illustrations, such as Ahab and Jezebel, as suggestive of *MACBETH*, and Ariel in the *TEMPEST* will be found in the other chapters of Book III.

III

HEROES AND HEROINES

It is remarkable that he, whose perception of character was so acute, has no great moral heroes. There are many men in his dramas who display certain moral qualities in an eminent degree, but as Ruskin says: "Shakspeare has no heroes; he has only heroines."¹

Antonio is a merchant of the strictest honor and integrity: he is prepared to die by the sharp blade of the insatiate Jew, for the honor of his bond and the love of his friend.

But Antonio, who has a heart stout enough, and a friendship pure enough, even to die for his friend, is not a harmonious moral hero. His love is restricted to his friends. He indulges in race prejudice and is bitter in hatred towards his enemy which, in some measure, excuses the vindictiveness of Shylock. When he goes to sign the bond, in order that his friend may have the present loan, Shylock accuses him of conduct the very reverse of the Christian rule:—

"You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for the use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, now it appears you need my help:
Go, to, then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have monies:' You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: . . .
. . . You call'd me dog."

Antonio acknowledges the truth of this charge, but not with humiliation or regret. He seems to glory in it, as of conduct of which he has reason to be proud. He says:—

¹ Sesame and Lilies.

“ I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends. . . .
 But lend it rather to thine enemy.” *I:3.*

Out of this strange interview comes the still more strange contract of the “pound of flesh.” And when Shylock demands the bond, he says:—

“ I have sworn on my oath that I will have my bond
 Thou call’dst me dog before thou had’st a cause.” *3:3.*

Certainly Antonio laid himself open to this retort. It was unworthy of him, as a Christian merchant, and it subjected him to a measure of righteous scorn when he pleaded for mercy at the hands of the Jew. Moreover, as Ruskin says, “the Merchant of Venice is languidly submissive to adverse fortune.”

In Shakspeare all the Kings, Cardinals, Soldiers, Knights and Priests are men of great faults. Not one of his men presents a perfect or harmonious moral portrait, while most of them are personifications of human weaknesses and sins and crimes. Brutus is great in some of his nobler movements, but the “noblest Roman of them all” is not a hero whom one might command as a type and an example.

But the Poet saw the finer virtues and the greater qualities of humanity, and did not fail to embody them in his gallery of portraits. They are found, as Ruskin points out, in his female characters. The women of Shakspeare are, mostly, the very soul of the virtues. In them he sets forth the perfectly balanced character, portraying love—domestic and filial,—chastity, tenderness, patience, forbearance, and even the sterner virtues of courage and endurance, combined with wit and skill.

On the other hand, Shakspeare saw that if Woman does not rise towards the purity of angels she may sink down to the level of devils. And yet there is consistency in all his portraiture of female character. Mrs. Jameson, in her “Characteristics of Women,” remarks on this fact: “When we read in history of the enormities of certain women, “perfect scarecrows and ogresses, we can safely, like the Pharisee in “Scripture, hug ourselves in our secure virtue, and thank God that we “are not as others are—but the wicked women in Shakspeare are portrayed with such perfect consistency and truth that they leave us no

“such resource—they frighten us into reflection—they make us believe
“and tremble. On the other hand, his amiable women are touched
“with such exquisite simplicity—they have so little pretensions—and
“are so unlike the usual heroines of tragedy and romance, that they
“delight us more ‘than all the nonsense of the beau-ideal.’”

Shakspeare's women are always in harmony with the sex; they are never unsexed, whether in the pursuit of a heroic moral purpose, or moved by wicked or immoral passions. Sometimes they clothe themselves in male attire, in order the better to achieve the end in view, or to meet the dangers of travel and adventure; but when they do so, they are uniformly chaste and orderly in behavior. Wicked women who are the very embodiment of unadulterated sin are yet true to the female instincts. Goneril, the leading evil-spirit of the two wicked daughters of King Lear, is almost conscienceless. Albany holds up the glass to her, as he says:—

“See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman!”

One feels the truth of this. And yet Goneril is feminine; if she be a devil, she is a she-devil.

And so the Courtesan-queen, Cleopatra, never appears unfeminine, even in her most intrepid and fearless deeds, down to the very manner of her suicide.

Lady Macbeth, too, is female all through. She moves and thinks and reasons as a woman. Conscience speaks to her, as to Macbeth, but she acts differently. Even the same thought of a blood-stain'd hand is expressed differently. Macbeth talks of all the waters of the ocean, as insufficient to “wash this blood clean from my hand,” while she exclaims “all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.”

But in all the works of Shakspeare we must look to his women, rather than to his men, for the truly heroic and the greater virtues. Many of his plays depend upon the female characters, not only to sustain interest in the plot, but also to give to them meaning and purpose.

Take for example the play of *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*. If Isabella were omitted it would be shorn of its glory; it would be, almost as the play of Hamlet without Hamlet,—with this difference:—that while the interest of Hamlet centers in the intellectual study of a phenomenal mentality, Isabella is an irresistible portraiture of the highest form of moral purity and mediatorial character.

She is an opposite of Portia. Portia sees in *herself* an instrument to work out the redemption of her husband's friend. She is self-assured, —confident—and needs no urging, or even a suggestion from others. Isabella is bashful and doubtful of her ability and influence. When urged to intercede for her brother's life, she says:—

“Alas! what poor ability is in me
To do him good? . . My power I doubt!”

She shrinks, too, from entering upon a task so foreign to her maiden life and religious vow. When once aroused, however, she throws all her fears to the winds and enters upon her task with courage, promptness and unresting diligence.

Her plea is based on mercy. She offers no excuse for her brother's fault;—she claims only that mercy's function may be fitly and justly employed in his case. And the terms of her plea are so like those which Portia urges upon Shylock, both in spirit and argument, that she ranks, intellectually, almost with Portia herself. Her argument with the Deputy is carried forward with singular beauty of thought and deep religious conviction and fervor. But while she pleads, Angelo looks coldly on and tells her “it is too late”:—her brother is sentenced. One can almost see the beauty of her face enhanced by her enthusiasm as she exclaims:—

“Too late? Why no: I that do speak a word
May call it back again.”

To her eloquent pleading Angelo coolly replies:—

“Your brother is a forfeit of the law
And you but waste your words.”

Isabella is prompt with an appeal of the very finest order of thought and argument, coupled with the rarest and purest religious faith and fervor. What will those, who dispute the religious element in Shakspeare, do with such a plea as this?—

“Alas! Alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once:
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If He which is at top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made."

How our heroine grows! Each step in her movement is like the eagle's flight, it gains in strength as it reaches toward the height.

Virtue is quick to discover the presence of Vice. Isabella has a conviction that she is doing battle with something other than mere extreme justice. Her blows fall thick and fast as she tells the deputy that:—

" Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine to itself
That skins the vice o' the top."
Go to your bosom,"—she says;
" Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life."

Ah! here Isabella is the true preacher, striking home to the conscience of the deputy! She has disturbed him! She knows not the devil she has awakened in him, but she is prepared to hear him say, "Come again tomorrow!" The morrow comes and, in the interview, Angelo presses *himself* upon her virgin honor.

If ever shock comes to such a soul as Isabella it is when she discovers the depth of infamy of an Angelo's proposition. He who sat as judge—whose zeal for the law, in the name of social purity, had outrun justice and mercy—who had condemned her brother and sentenced him to death for "a natural guiltiness," now proposes to her the self-same sin as the price of that brother's life. Would that this irony of morals were never found except in the play!

One can imagine that Isabella's heart stops beating for a brief moment as the real significance of that hypocritical question dawns upon her. If there were:—

" No earthly means to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
—or else let him suffer
What would you do?"

This was Isabella's Gethsemane. Her brother's life put in the balance against her own purity. The bright young life of a man who has done no wrong against society that he is not willing to atone for,—who longs to take the full measure of responsibility of husband and father,—this life placed in the scale against her virgin honor. But her answer is ready. *What would I do? Do?*

“As much for my poor brother as myself
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies
And strip my self to death as to a bed
That longing had been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.”

And when Angelo tells her: *“Then must your brother die.”* She is still equal to the strain:—

“Better it were a brother die
Than a sister, by redeeming him
Should die forever!
Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.”

There spake the true redeeming spirit! This is the very bugle sound of heaven's law. Ransom purchased by sin is not pardon. Mercy has no relation to unholy purchase. Pardon is free, or it is not pardon. To be ransomed by sin! to be redeemed by foul unholy compact, to make terms with death that life may be spared! this would be a shock against all moral law; it would make angels weep and devils laugh.

But poor Isabella has not yet drank her cup of sorrow to the dregs. Her next trial is with her brother who is lying in prison awaiting the issue of her prayers,—pardon or death.

She has faith in her brother! What pure woman has not? She never thinks her own blood relations weak and vile for “love thinketh no evil.”

Isabella has failed with Angelo, but she sees virtue in her brother notwithstanding his fall:—

“ I’ll to my brother
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet he hath in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he’d yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor’d pollution.”

How joyfully she hears him say:—

“ If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hung it in mine arms.”

“ There spake my brother! there my father’s grave did utter forth a voice.” But she has not yet told him the deep damnation of the deputy. That he can be redeemed at a price which she alone can pay her brother does not know, much less has she named the nature of the coin demanded. When this is told him the young man, at first, recoils with horror,—“ Thou shalt not do it,” he says. But, as he takes time to think of the precious treasure of life—the pleasure, the joy, the impulse of his youthful days, he changes his tone and sighs: “Oh Isabel! Death is a fearful thing.” The horror of death falls upon him and—the ‘afterwards’:—

“ Ay but to die and go we know not where!”

Who can ever tell the awful sense of loss when our ideals fail? We have placed our father, our brother, or our sister on a pinnacle, high above the common herd of men and women, and when bankruptcy of heart is revealed, it is as the crack of doom.

“ Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother’s life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue!”

THERE! it is out! that’s the same old devil’s argument;—“Cast thyself down and He shall give his angels charge over thee!” Nature does not reject a compromise with evil to do a greater good. Nature makes a virtue of a sin when to do it gains a crown, or saves a life!

These are the plausible theories of men who desire gain by sin. But Isabella's clear soul instantly detects the defection and, while she is shocked at her brother's weakness, she feels that moral redemption is not possible on such terms. "Fie, fie, fie!" she says. "Thy sin's not accidental but a trade!"

Life for a life? Yes! Life for the sinner? Yes! But a trade in sin! Never! A sin to redeem a sinner? It is neither in nature or in mercy. The law of salvation has no place for a sinner by another's sin.

And this is the very heart of this play. It is a drama of intercession. The whole scheme and purpose of it is mediatorial. It shows society disrupted and discordant by a common corruption—ignoring domestic ties, giving license and loose rein to sensual sins and the way to redemption is mediation. The Duke himself acts the part, but the great, noble soul of Isabella is the heroic mediator, who carries the pain and sacrifice of it and is ready to die for it.

Thus, it is Isabella (a woman) who nobly contests the dangerous way against the lust and power of Angelo:—in the end she saves her brother from death and justice from defeat. No stronger test of heroic character could be possible than that which assailed her and she proved herself equal to the task.¹

So also, it is Portia who is the heroic character in *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. She saves Antonio, not Antonio, Portia. And as Mrs. Jameson says of her, referring to the trial scene: "Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honorable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed."²

It is the lovely Cordelia, who, grandly and patiently, bears the bitterest wrongs to save King Lear, her father, from the effects of his own weakness.

It is Desdemona who, although she is weak, is pure and spotless, amidst a network of lying and slander, and who is the one transparent light of love and fidelity to the end of the tragedy and wreck of the play of Othello. "She is a victim consecrated from the first,—'an offering without blemish,' alone worthy of the grand final sacrifice, all harmony, all grace, all purity, all tenderness, all truth!"³

¹ Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. A. W. Schlegel.

² Characteristics of Women.

³ Ibid.

It is Helena, whose perfect love patiently waits the leadings of providence, through years of banishment and contumely; and never falters, until she finally proves to the proud Bertram her all-sacrificing love; and,—well she says:—

“Our remedies oft in themselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven.”

It is not Romeo, but Juliet, who displays the courage of patience and endurance to the end. She steadily appeals to her father, her mother, her nurse, and to the Friar, in turns; and then braves suffering and death in their most loathsome forms, in order that she may “live an unstained wife.” But Romeo is weak at the moment when courage might have saved all.

And Imogen, in the play of *CYMBELINE*,—although involved in the meshes of skillful plots designed for her ruin,—her banishment accomplished,—and her murder planned by her own husband; yet she never forsakes her love, but keeps it burning upon the altar of her heart, amidst a very hell of conspiring iniquity that might make devils blush.

Ruskin, in his view of Shakspeare's galaxy of heroines, remarks that: “Among all the principal figures there is only one weak woman—“Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Though there are three wicked women among the principal figures,—Lady Macbeth,¹ Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also, in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned. Such in broad light, is “Shakspeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.” *Sesame and Lilies*.

Equally true is Shakspeare's conception of the marriage relation.² As Coleridge says: “Except in Shakspeare, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists.” How perfectly

¹ Mr. Ruskin omits Gertrude, the mother of Hamlet from his list of “wicked women,” perhaps because he does not regard her as classed among “the principal figures” of Shakspeare, but why he has omitted Cleopatra is not so clear.

² See Chapter IV; Moral Inculcations.

he sets forth the nice distinctions between the respective relations of father and husband. Desdemona says:—

“My noble father
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do teach me
 How to respect you; You are the lord of duty;—
 I am hitherto your daughter: But here’s my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother show’d
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.” *Othello* 1: 3.

The Portia’s of JULIUS CAESAR, and of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE are noble examples of wedded love; and Queen Katherine in HENRY VIII. tells her own sweet story of devotion and pure love.

Even in his earlier Poems, the lofty purity of true womanhood caught the fire of Shakspeare’s genius. His Sonnets often breathe the purest thought and express the loftiest ideas of virtue. And, in the RAPE OF LUCRECE, while vividly portraying black, hellish, lust and crime; he also gives a perfect picture of chastity and loyal wifeness,—*stronger than life itself*:—Lucrece, pure as Desdemona and a much stronger character.

IV

THE MORAL INCULCATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE

Prof. R. G. Moulton in his excellent work on "Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist," speaks of "the dangerous tendency which exists among ordinary readers of Shakspeare, to ignore plot, as of secondary importance, and to look for his greatness mainly in his conceptions of character." But "the full character effect," he says, "cannot be grasped if it be dissociated from the plot."

This is a note of warning to which another might be added. Many readers, in looking for the plot miss the characters, while others in studying the stage-setting of the drama, see nothing of the lofty inculcations and inspirations which it contains. We shall see more of Shakspeare in proportion as we view his works as an expression of those high attributes which associate the human soul with the divine character. We obtain glimpses of man's moral and spiritual nature as we scan the plot or study the *personnel* of the plays. But if we view these, as incidents which set forth the greater things, we shall discover that the perfection of Shakspeare's art is not in the skillfulness of his plot, or the faithful portraiture of his men and women, but in his masterly expressions of the human soul, in all its passions and emotions, its hopes and fears, its loves and hates, and its relation to the infinite and divine.

As, in Millet's great picture, the two humble peasants standing in reverential attitude, at the moment when the sound of the Angelus bell is heard from the direction of the distant sunset, are but incidents which to the spiritually minded, bring the soul into instant rapport with prayer and worship, so the figures which move in natural order upon the canvas of Shakspeare's immortal paintings are each an expression of some quality of the human soul, for good or evil, for life or death, for heaven or hell.

The moral tone of Shakspeare, as of all great artists, must be measured, not by any one figure of his pictures, nor by the whole of any one picture, but by the spirit which he breathes,—the atmosphere which he creates. Dr. Strong is a witness on this subject. He says: "After earnest searching I can unhesitatingly avow the belief that the great

"dramatist was both pure in his moral teaching and singularly sound
 "in faith. There is a freedom of utterance with regard to the relations
 "of the sexes, such as is natural in a bold and vigorous age, but there is
 "no lingering over sensual details."¹

The world is only just beginning to understand the moral worth of Shakspeare. With the thought turned, too exclusively, towards his earlier poems, and his free descriptions of the grosser passions, he has been regarded as an artist whose pictures are not for the school or the family library,—as a poet of tainted morals—a genius whose great work is darkened with a black shadow.

Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, quite freely expressed this view,—and yet the notoriety of Taine's work rests largely upon his liberal selection of passages and quotations from literature, many of which ought never to have been written, and others, like those from Shakspeare, ought never to be viewed apart from their contexts.

Take from their environment a selection of passages from the works of any great author and they may appear gross; draw a picture from some incidents in any well-regulated domestic circle, and place it upon the stage of observation, with the brilliancy of lime-light effects to accentuate it, and it will be sport for the depraved and subject for unchaste thought.

But the true dramatist, and the true historian, must see humanity as it is and reveal it; not the beautiful and the true alone, but the repulsive and false also.²

One is shocked that a man of great literary ability and fame should have selected the grossest character of all Shakspeare's works, and identified the personal morality of the Poet with that character. Taine

¹ "The Great Poets and their Theology, p. 210.

² "The objection that Shakspeare wounds our feelings by the open display of the most disgusting moral odiousness, unmercifully harrows up the mind, and tortures even our eyes by the exhibition of the most insupportable and hateful spectacles, is one of the greater and graver importance. He has, in fact, never varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul; and in that respect he is every way deserving of praise. Twice he has portrayed downright villains, and the masterly way in which he has contrived to elude impressions of too painful a nature may be seen in Iago and Richard the Third. I allow that the reading, and still more the sight, of some of his pieces, is not advisable to weak nerves. . . . But if we wish to have a grand purpose, we must also wish to have the grand means, and our nerves ought in some measure to accommodate themselves to painful impressions, if, by way of requital, our mind is thereby elevated and strengthened." *Dramatic Art and Literature*, A. W. Schlegel.

says: "Falstaff has the passions of an animal and the imaginations of a man of wit. There is no character which better exemplifies the fire and immorality of Shakspeare. . . . This big fellow, a coward, a cynic, a brawler, a drunkard, a lewd rascal, a pothouse poet is one of Shakspeare's favorites. The reason is that his morals are not of fine nature, and Shakspeare's mind is congenial with his own."

It is true that Taine, a few pages further on in his review, has given a fuller and a less grotesque portrait of the Dramatist, but he does not remove this hideous caricature. The explanation seems to be that Taine is the product of that French school, which sees vice when clothed in ugliness or associated with clumsy or vulgar errors, but does not detect it when arrayed in purple, or regulated by social etiquette and police rule. It is refreshing to turn from this writer to another Frenchman of great eminence as an Author and a Statesman,—Lamartine,—who said: "It is as a moralist that Shakspeare excels; no one can doubt this after a careful study of his works, which, though containing some passages of questionable taste, cannot fail to elevate the mind by the purity of morals they inculcate. They breathe so strong a belief in virtue, so steady an adherence to good principles, united to such a vigorous tone of honor as testifies to the author's excellence as a moralist, nay, a Christian."

For the credit of the human race, we would that history could be history without recording the horrible deeds of blood and lust which, in all ages, have occurred. We would that the Bible history of the Hebrew race were unstained with the sins of David, Solomon, Ahab and Rehoboam, and without the evils which debased the people. But if these things were omitted it would not be history, and the destruction of great cities, the ruin of kingdoms and the downfall of nations, would have been inexplicable enigmas.

For the school text-book it is well that Hudson and others have modified the text of Shakspeare to present everyday language and ethical ideas. Yet, who that values the power of a great master-work would destroy the poem which holds up to universal execration and everlasting condemnation the awful crime of Tarquin against the purity which is better than life,—the honor which is worth more than a diadem or a crown? And yet there are passages in that poem which, to separate them and accentuate them would be a crime against social morality. In regard to the language sometimes employed by the Poet, consideration must be allowed for the times in which he lived as well as the characters whom he portrayed. In his work, already quoted, Schlegel remarks:

"Shakspeare, it is true, sometimes introduces us to improper company; "at others, he suffers ambiguous expressions to escape in the presence "of women, and even from women themselves. This species of petulance was probably not then unusual. He certainly did not indulge in "it merely to please the multitude, for in many of his pieces there is not "the slightest trace of this sort to be found: and in what virgin purity "are many of his female parts worked out! When we see the liberties "taken by other dramatic poets in England in his time, and even much "later, we must account him comparatively chaste and moral."¹

The characters of his dramas are true to life, not so much in local detail, but in the broader and universal survey. They are portraits of human nature—in all time—in all lands. They are not weakened by a shortened perspective nor distorted by an out-of-proportion foreground. Ruskin says of them: "They are perfect plays just because there is no "care about centuries in them, but a life which all men recognize for the "human life of all time; and this it is, because, painting honestly and "completely from the men about him he painted that human nature "which is indeed constant enough,—a rogue in the fifteenth century "being *at heart* what a rogue is in the nineteenth, and was in the "twelfth; and an honest or a knightly man being in like manner very "similar to other such at any other time. And the work of these great "idealists is therefore always universal; not because it is *not portrait* "but because it is *complete portrait* which is the same in all ages."²

Carlyle has something to say akin to this: "Shakspeare is no sectarian: to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all and "his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole; "he figures it as Providence governs it; and to him it is not strange that "the sun should be called to shine on the evil and the good, and the "rain to fall on the just and the unjust."³

A much too common idea of Shakspeare is, that he had no unity of purpose or moral action in his plays,—that he wrote merely to harmonize his plot or dress it for the stage. But if it be that this was his sole or chief, *conscious* purpose, then it must be admitted that he was, *unconsciously*, a perfectly harmonious, moral teacher. In all his plays there is thrown a steady searchlight upon sin which shows it hideous. Sin is never exalted or deified. It is successful at times, and for a time, but it is inevitably attached to its nemesis. As Prof. Moulton says: "Shakspeare is not satisfied with the easy morality which converts all its vil-

¹Dramatic Art and Literature, A. W. Schlegel.

²Modern Painters, Vol. III, p. 93.

³Essay on Goethe.

"lains before the fall of the curtain. In the play, as in actual fact, men "are seen divided into two classes: those in whom evil is only accidental, to be purged out of them by the discipline of experience, and "those in whom the evil seems to be a part of their nature, and all the "working of events upon them serves only to drive it deeper in."¹

That is to say,—Shakspeare makes sin to bring its own punishment. The Scriptural law, "Be sure your sins will find you out," is, with one exception,² always present in his plays. Retribution is conveyed in the very act of wrongdoing: "Whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap." The force of the punishment is in the evil itself.

So true to the Scriptural law is Shakspeare that he makes the sinful deeds of men to outline and determine the very nature of their punishment. Thus the action of conscience is seen working in the minds of the wrongdoer:—

"So much my conscience whispers in your ear
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear."

King John 1: 1.

"The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience." 4: 2.

Shakspeare shows conscience as an inward monitor which acts in us and for us. We depend upon it for our intuitions against wrong, as well as for our leanings towards right. The ship captain cannot do without his compass, for it is the conscience of the ship. As it turns to the north with certainty, so the human conscience turns towards the north pole of right and warns us against leading our craft wrong-wards. It is not a human contrivance, this conscience, but is divine, in its source, its aspiration and its law.

Conscience is a terrible source to the wrongdoer. As the needle, pointing whither-ward, witnesses against the sailor who dares to ignore its warnings, so the human conscience is a whip of scorpions to the soul which heeds not its voice.³ A brief perusal of the quotations in this

¹ Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist, p. 278.

² See pp. 85, 86 (Hen. VIII.).

³ "Every sin comes back to plague the sinner. There is no need of any flagellations; every man flagellates himself. No God in heaven or devil in hell is needed to kindle the fire that is not quenched, or to breed the worm that dieth not. Every man kindles the fire and breeds the worm in his own soul. This is not new. The old Greek tragedians saw it, and wrought it into their tragedies. Dante saw it, and repeated it in the story of Inferno. Shakspeare saw it and

volume under the head of "Conscience" will show how perfectly and uniformly Shakspeare has presented this truth together with the unerring law of justice and judgment.

Falstaff gloats over every new conquest of virtue in his licentious course; he revels in merry lust and spends his wit and his means in the gratification of his abnormally gross nature, while public decency, order and law, or even the defeat of his plots, are all powerless to restrain him. Yet, in all his revelings, he is working out his own sure undoing; by and by, he is deserted, even by his intimate associates in lewdness, and he dies in a house of ill-fame, mourned only by its immoral keeper.

Macbeth and Richard III. each meet their own nemesis in horrible dreams and ghosts; and a network of retribution is woven about them by their own hands until they die a bloody death amid the execrations of all.

Iago, who is the incarnation of evil conspiracy, sowing discord and ruin until the whole circle of his friendships are driven to death or desperation, brings on his own ruin at the very climax of his successes, and his conviction is established by the witness and proclaimed by the moral indignation of his own wife, at the moment of his arrest and judgment:—

" Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe." *Cymb. 3: 4.*

When Regan, daughter of King Lear, caps her cruelty by sharing in the monstrous act of putting out the eyes of Gloster because he has befriended her father, a servant who is looking on says:—

" If she live long
And, in the end, meet the old course of death
Women will all turn monsters." *King Lear 3: 7.*

But Regan and Goneril, that pair of female monsters, do not "live long and meet the old course of death." They became madly jealous of

revealed it in Macbeth and in Othello. Browning and Tennyson have seen and interpreted it." Evolution of Christianity. Lyman Abbott.

"Shakspeare puts the demon and the angel, inside a man, where they belong. No longer is a human being lured on to a deed, which he seemingly cannot help, by some irresistible power outside of his own nature." The Shakspeare Drama, by Denton J. Snider. See also quotation on page 96 of this volume.

each other. Goneril poisons Regan, and then kills herself; and when the double deed is reported to the reigning Duke, he says:—

“This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble
Touches us not with pity.” 5: 3.

Even the tragedy in the love drama of Romeo and Juliet, turns upon the law of nemesis. The Prince of Verona sums up the tragical end of the play, with these words:—

“Capulet! Montague!—
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punished.”
Rom. and Jul. 5: 3.

Thus Shakspeare brings sin to judgment. And if Virtue appears, at times, not to see its reward in this life, yet, as an English divine has said: “As we read his works we feel that justice walks the world, delaying, it may be, but not forgetting; as is ever the manner of the Divine.”¹

Witness also the moral inculcations of the Poet in all matters of sex relation. He draws the portrait of immoral characters as they are; but he never places them in the light of commendation. As Coleridge says: “Shakspeare has no innocent adulteries, no virtuous vices;—he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teaches us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue.”

His marriage doctrines are of the highest order of morality.² They are Scriptural—they are sacred,—they are ideal. His poetry on the subject is conceived in the loftiest spirit; it teaches the holiest and most perfect blending of the two in one. When marriage is employed as a weapon or means of unholy passions or aims, it is shown to be prostituted from its purpose and it brings forth the bitterest of fruits; the most powerful are shown to be swept, as by an avalanche, to ruin when they have violated its covenant or outraged its rites.

Moreover, with Shakspeare, marriage is a religious ordinance and must be religiously observed,—not as a mere civil contract, but as “a world-without-end bargain” . . . “in the temple eternally knit.” “God is the best maker of all marriages.”³

¹ Archbishop Trench.

² See chapter on Heroes and Heroines.

³ See “Marriage,” Scriptural Themes, etc., Book III.

The Poet also shows that marriage is the very foundation institution of home-life,—the hope and security of society. In *MEASURE FOR MEASURE* marriage is the redemption and salvation of social life; it solves the most difficult of problems. In other plays it unites kingdoms and brings peace between warring factions and nations.

It may be urged that Shakspeare represents old-fashioned views on this subject, leaning towards ideas of ownership rather than of partnership, and the supremacy of the man over the woman, as seen in the *TAMING OF THE SHREW*:—

“Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign.”

Yet this is consistent with Paul's letters to the Ephesians and Colossians:—“Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, for the husband is the head of the wife.”

But it is with greater and more frequent emphasis that the Poet places woman in her true position of dignity and honor, as the help-meet and not the inferior of man. Portia,—Brutus's Portia,—is one of the noblest of Shakspeare's grand galaxy of noble women in the marital relation. Brutus had not realized the identity of heart and mind in the true man and wife. Portia's lofty appeal was a revelation to her husband. He thought her noble and beautiful, and a fit subject for his care, as he scolded her for risking her health to the inclement morning. But it was a new thought to him when she exclaimed:—

“Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.” *Caesar 2: 2.*

What! No secrets from my wife—nothing that can separate our interests or disturb our peace! Does it mean that these secrets that burn are to be shared by both of us, or otherwise, that Portia is wife only in part? It is thus that Shakspeare brings home to us the ultimatum of our mutual relation and so he holds “the mirror up to nature.”

We have remarked that there is one exception, in the plays of Shakspeare, to the working out of the law of nemesis.

HENRY VIII. is the only one of the great dramas that does not bring the sins of the chief criminal to judgment. Here, the wicked is seen to thrive "like a green bay tree" and the judgment day does not come. Henry is crowned with success and the play closes upon him amidst a triumphant festival of joy and congratulation, while his victims suffer and die. This King is a confirmed sensual monster,—a full-fledged, pious, hypocrite,—he is a devil who "can cite Scripture for his own purpose" and, as Charles Dickens says:—"he is one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath." Yet his most abominable plots succeed and the curtain is drawn upon his crowning happiness, while his patient and faithful wife (Katherine) lies dying of a broken heart.

Critics have, of course, noticed this as inconsistent with the moral genius of Shakspeare and, to escape the dilemma, the authorship of the play has been questioned. Dr. Johnson accounts for its deficiencies, as for several other of the plays, by calling attention to the fact that the work is a composite,—other play-writers sharing in it for stage purposes and it seems to be generally conceded that the Prologue and Epilogue of this play were not by Shakspeare. Schlegel, the best German critic, places the play as unquestionably Shakspeare's and offers the best explanation for its main defect that we have seen. He points out that it was written during the reign of Elizabeth and that a full-length portrait of her father would not be possible at that time. Shakspeare could not present a play, for instance, during Elizabeth's reign that would discredit her legitimacy and therefore he had to frame it so as to leave Henry's marriage with Katherine in doubt as to legal form and legitimacy. Yet, as Schlegel shows, the duplicity and hypocrisy of Henry are made easily apparent to the onlooker, while it is skilfully obscured from the view of Elizabeth by the brilliancy of his description of Cranmer's prophetic eulogy of herself at the christening.

But there is another explanation of these apparent defects in the moral issue of the play which seems to have escaped notice; at least, we have not seen it referred to in any published work.

HENRY VIII. was an uncompleted work. Everything points to the probability that this play was only part of a general plan of a larger work in the mind of Shakspeare, the completion of which would involve two, or three parts, as in the case of HENRY IV. and HENRY VI.

Reasons for such an extension of the work are not far to seek. The play, as it is given to us, treats only of part of Henry's reign, although

written long after his death and it closes at a point which would render it acceptable to the reigning authority of the time. Moreover it bears marks of leading up to further writing and it is reasonable to suppose that, had Shakspeare lived long enough to meet new conditions, he would have worked out the same moral order in this that he has done in all other of his historical plays.

It may be added that there were ample materials ready at hand whenever he might have assumed the task. The tragedies which attended the domestic infelicities of Henry, the failure of the King to find the happiness he sought in any one of his numerous wives, after his treachery to Katherine, the death which followed a disease which made him hideous to the sight and odious to the senses:—these and other things in the hands of Shakspeare would have amply served to illustrate his moral program.

But the play is not without its chapter of judgment against sin. Cardinal Wolsey is the most prominent figure, next to the King, and in point of ability and ambition he is easily first. He is the most subtle and talented of men in plotting for his own ends at the expense of others. One after another they are sent to the tower and executed, to make the way easier to Wolsey. But he overreaches himself and dies,—self-convicted, broken-down, dishonored, amid the execrations of his peers and the people and dies, in prison, deeply humiliated and penitent, while the executioner's axe hangs over his head waiting to fall upon him.

V

TRAGEDY IN THE BIBLE AND IN SHAKSPEARE

Shakspeare turned instinctively to the Bible for types of sin, as well as of virtue. He saw the woeful anarchy in society, the ruin of domestic peace, the waste and destruction of wealth, the letting loose of the passions of evil,—all represented in the first murder:—

—“ Let order die !
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set,
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.”

II Hen. IV. 1: 1.

This is one of eight separate references, in seven different plays, to Cain, or the murder of Abel.

There is also a striking correspondence in the plots and characters of some of the tragedies of Shakspeare with some of those of the Bible. The most notable of these is the play of Macbeth. The Macbeth's are, in almost every detail, the very likeness of Ahab and Jezebel. Indeed one might easily suppose that the dramatist, while turning to Scotland for his location and names, had much more in his mind, the character and deeds of King Ahab and his wife ; “the very mind and being of the latter seem to be infused into, and to animate the former.” Not only the general outline of the plot of the play, but also the spirit, and even the method of it, seem to be taken from the life of the wicked King and Queen of Israel.

These analogies have not escaped notice. Further on we shall quote from a little work already referred to, which was published about fifty years ago.¹

¹ Shakspeare and the Bible. Rev. J. R. Eaton.

Mrs. Jameson calls attention to the first inception of the first great crime of the tragedy. She says: "We must bear in mind, that the "first idea of murdering Duncan is not suggested by Lady Macbeth "to her husband: it springs within *his* mind, and is revealed to us, "before his first interview with his wife,—before she is introduced or "even alluded to."¹

So was it with Ahab. No mention is made of Jezebel in connection with Naboth's vineyard until Ahab coveted it. When Naboth refused to part with the property "Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased . . . and laid him down upon his bed and turned away his face and would eat no bread." *I Kings xxi. 4.*

And when the King told Jezebel the reason for his vexation, she promptly met him with this: "Dost thou now govern the Kingdom of Israel? Arise and eat bread and let thy heart be merry: I will give thee the Vineyard of Naboth." *xxi. 7.*

Jezebel's scheme was crafty and diabolical. In the King's name she proclaimed a fast and caused Naboth to be set in a prominent place among the people. Then, two men, sons of Belial, were hired to bear false witness against him, that he did "blaspheme God and the King." Thus Naboth was falsely convicted of a capital offense, in the presence of the people, and officers were instructed to carry him out of the city and stone him to death. The confiscation of his property easily followed. Throughout the whole of the tragedy the hand and heart of Jezebel are clearly seen.

As Ahab desired the vineyard of Naboth, so Macbeth coveted the crown of Scotland. But Duncan was King and his life was a barrier to Macbeth's ambition. And, as Jezebel learns the cause of Ahab's sulking, so Lady Macbeth is made aware of the trouble in the mind of Macbeth;—she reads a letter from him which speaks of the subject and in self-communing she says:—

. . . "thou shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: . . .
What thou would'st highly,
That thou would'st holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win:—Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round." *Macb. i: 5.*

¹ Characteristics of Women. Mrs. Jameson.

A little later, Macbeth enters and talks it over with his wife. Eager enough, in his wicked heart, to profit by her bolder spirit and "wrongly win:"—

"*Macb.* Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow as he proposes.

Lady M. O never shall sun that morrow see

. . . He that's coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch." 1: 5.

Macbeth's craven heart seems to tremble at the thought of murder. His soliloquy shows him full of remorse and fear before the deed is done; but his wife has already said:

"Only look up clear;

To alter favour is to fear:

Leave the rest to me." 1: 5.

Still he hesitates. In the dead hour of the night, he and his guilty partner discuss the situation; anxiously he says: "*If we should fail?*" and she answers promptly:—

"*We fail.*

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail." 1: 7.

Thus, Lady Macbeth, like Jezebel, urges on the deed of guilt, and makes the occasion and the plot. She provides that the King's two personal attendants shall be plied with liquor until they fall into a drunken sleep and that, when the deed is done, suspicion shall be turned towards them, by throwing blood from the wounds of the murdered King upon their garments.

Jezebel and Lady Macbeth each succeed in their respective guilty purpose. Ahab secures Naboth's vineyard, after the treacherous murder of its owner, and Macbeth obtains the crown of Scotland,—after: "the deep damnation of his (Duncan's) taking off."

And nemesis follows similarly, in each of the two tragedies. It was prophesied of Ahab and Jezebel: "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood. . . . The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." *I Kings xxi. 19, 23.*

Both these prophecies were fulfilled. Ahab was betrayed in battle and was killed in his chariot, and his blood, that was spilled upon his chariot, was licked by the dogs. Jezebel came to a fearful and ignominious death,—being hurled from a chamber window while insanely displaying her painted charms to the conquering army, as they passed in procession, and her body was torn to pieces by dogs before the order for her burial was obeyed.

What of Macbeth? His guilty heart no longer leans upon the superior courage of his wife. She shrinks from further blood, but he plunges on with sanguinary voracity, from crime to crime. He sheds blood on blood, and—blood is on his trail. All through his career, as King, he is tortured with the anguish of bitter remorse:—

“ They say, blood will have blood,
 Stones have been known to speak,
 Augurs and understood relations have . . .
 Brought forth . . . The secret'st man of blood.” 2: 2.

And so it comes to pass. His damnable deeds bring judgment. Like Ahab he comes to his end by a special mark directed against him in battle, but not before he has suffered the terrors of a guilty conscience. The horrors of hell are in him, and his brain is peopled with demons and ghosts as he cries:—

“ Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine
 Making the green—one red.” 2: 2.

And Lady Macbeth's conscience-stricken soul finds no peace, day or night. She walks her room in troubled sleep and groans over her hand, whose deep, dark, blood-stain is seen only by the eyes of her own guilty soul:—

“ What, will these hands ne'er be clean? . . .
 . . . Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes
 Of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!”
 5: 2.

Thus their bloody deeds are on the trail of the guilty pair, as those of Ahab and Jezebel pursued *them*. The Lady Macbeth lives her

crime over again many times, until her reason topples from its throne and she dies self-convicted, self-condemned, self-slaughtered,—MAD.

Prof. Moulton, like Mrs. Jameson, sees some good points in the Lady Macbeth such as "an absence of self-seeking," a constant thought,—“not of what she is to gain by the crown but what her husband may gain.” But since she identifies herself with her husband’s ambition and their interests are not separate, but one, it seems difficult to find a distinction in her favor, so far, at least, as the capital crime of Duncan’s murder is concerned. If, however, any virtue is conceded her it must also be accredited to Jezebel, since she sought the vineyard of Naboth in order to gratify the covetous whim of Ahab.

Dr. Stafford, the eminent Catholic lecturer, sees good in Macbeth and only evil in his wife. His masterly dramatic exhibition shows Macbeth in a great struggle against the temptation to evil and a yielding only through the force of Lady Macbeth’s influence and then, step by step, led on by the demands which one evil deed makes upon him for another, until he is completely and irredeemably environed and overwhelmed.¹

These opposite views of his greater characters, which will be found to vary, from one extreme to the other, in the reviews of critics, are among the evidences of the subtlety of Shakspeare’s work.

The following passage from *Modern Painters* by John Ruskin is pertinent at this point:—

“Shakspeare always leans on the force of fate, as it urges the final evil: and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked, and the infinitude of results dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost: they might have been saved if the Sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund’s runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia’s lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have, on the whole, in this world, Shakspeare sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pin that Death pierces the King’s fortress wall with; and carelessness and folly sit, sceptered and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton.”

¹As a further illustration of the various opinions on this subject we have this from Prof. Sharp:—“Macbeth is a man without real scruples although faint images of restraining voices sometimes chime upon his inner ear. What moral sensitiveness he possesses is only sufficient to enable him to enjoy coddling himself for his regret at his unfortunate conduct, to make of him a sentimentalizing dealer in fine phrases.” Of Lady Macbeth he says she “is as bare of moral scruples as her husband.” “Shakspeare’s Portrayal of the Moral Life.” Frank Chapman Sharp.

Commenting upon this summary of certain characteristics of Shakspeare, a writer already referred to, has shown that "if it be thus in Shakspeare and in the world" it is so also in the Bible. He says:—

"Jezebel and Judas have it all their own way, though they come to a bad end. In that sacred book, from beginning to end, good men lament that the wicked 'flourish' here, 'like a green bay-tree.' That 'they come not into peril like other folk, neither are in trouble like other men.' David could not understand this till he 'went into the house of God and understood the end of these men.' Granting a superintending providence, which Shakspeare ever recognizes, things come to pass in the Bible, and in the world, as by chance. 'The lot is cast into the lap but the disposal is with the Lord.'

"The most solemn predictions in Scripture, are fulfilled seemingly by accident. In the Bible, if anywhere, we might be led to expect the gradual development of a plot or principle; whereas we meet the very reverse of this. It was foretold that Ahab should not return in peace. He accordingly perished in battle. But how does he perish? 'A certain man draws a bow at a venture, and pierces the King between the joints of his harness.' It was also predicted that 'dogs should lick his blood.' How is this prophecy fulfilled? Is the body exposed to purposed indignity? No, it was buried, we have reason to believe, with respect. But 'one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria;' and then the 'dogs came and licked up the blood,' in the usual course of events.

"Jehu, indeed, affected to fulfill the prediction concerning Joram, by casting his body into the plot of Naboth, the Jezreelite. But Jehu forgot, and would have left unfulfilled, what had been foretold in the case of Jezebel. He gave orders to bury this 'cursed woman,' because 'she was a king's daughter.' But he first went in to eat and drink. Before he had finished his meal, the dogs had had theirs; and then he remembered the word which the Lord had spoken by the mouth of Elijah the Tishbite.

"Since, then, what we call accident seems to be the ruling power, where divine interposition is clearly exerted (if we allow it ever to be exerted at all), it follows that Shakspeare, in representing the lives of the greatest and best of human beings as the sport of chance, does literally follow the order of God and nature. He is bitter, and we are bitter at this state of things, because we find it hard to realize the truth, that it is neither a man's worldly fortunes, nor the adherence of his friends, nor the fidelity of his wife, nor the time, nor the manner of his death, but the tenor of his life, which determines whether he be properly an object of envy or pity. Humanly speaking, what is there more horrible, or more unjust in Shakspeare, than that a good man, after a life of mortification and obedience to his Maker's will, should be secretly murdered in a dungeon at the pleasure of a light dancer? The wicked 'have done to him what they listed!' Had this been narrated merely in a novel or a play, the author's morality had doubtless been questioned, and he had been accused of setting an injurious example. All other means failing, better have introduced an angel to burst the prison door, than that this should have been. But God teaches otherwise."¹

¹ Shakspeare and the Bible. By Rev. T. R. Eaton, M. A., 1857.

If we follow Ruskin and Mr. Eaton in these thoughts we may easily add other illustrations. We think of Stephen stoned at the very spring-time of his manhood while his murderers live and are, for a time, approved and rewarded; of Paul, in prison while Nero is on the throne; of John in banishment, while the wicked revel in power and splendor and many others of the noble army of martyrs and reformers.

The reference to John the Baptist suggests another tragedy in which a woman was a chief factor and which may have been in the mind of Shakspeare when he wrote *Macbeth*. It was Herodias who plotted the death of John. Herod was vile enough to have murdered the Baptist for his own gratification but he did not dare to do it. His wife, however, conceived the hideous plot which culminated in one of the most ghastly murders, even of that sanguinary age.

In another chapter we remark on the similar conception of woman in the Bible and in Shakspeare. Miriam, Deborah, Ruth, Dorcas, Martha and the Marys are sublimely beautiful characters. But Jezebel and Herodias are fiends incarnate. Shakspeare's heroines are faultless and his two or three wicked women are desperately and irredeemably evil.

"In the four grand tragedies (*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*), the central problem is a profoundly moral one. It is the supreme internal conflict of good and evil amongst the central forces and higher elements of human nature, as appealed to and developed by sudden and powerful temptation, smitten by accumulated wrongs, or plunged in overwhelming calamities. As the result, we learn that there is something infinitely more precious in life than social ease or worldly success—nobleness of soul, fidelity to truth and honor, human love and loyalty, strength and tenderness, and truth to the very end. In the most tragic experiences this fidelity to all that is best in life is only possible through the loss of life itself. But when *Desdemona* expires with a sigh and *Cordelia's* loving eyes are closed, when *Hamlet* no more draws his breath in pain and the tempest-tossed *Lear* is at last liberated from the rack of this tough world, we feel that, death having set his sacred seal on their great sorrows and greater love, they remain with us as possessions forever. In the three dramas belonging to Shakspeare's last period, or rather which may be said to close his dramatic career, the same feeling of severe but consolatory calm is still more apparent. If the deeper discords of life are not finally resolved, the virtues which soothe their perplexities and give us courage and endurance to wait, as well as confidence to trust the final issues,—the virtues of forgiveness and generosity, of forbearance and self-control—are largely illustrated.

Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. 21, p. 764.

VI

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE PLOTS OF THE PLAYS

It seems desirable to add some further comments to the thought of the religious idea which enters into the plots of the plays of Shakspeare. Not that (as we have elsewhere remarked), he ever made religion the subject of the drama. But all humanity was his theme and he recognized the universality of religion in man and gave expression to it in all his works.

It is true that in some of the plays the religious element is primitive and crude. But the scene and action of these plays are pagan; yet even here worship is conceived as a natural order and the gods, who are appealed to with devotion and reverence, are clothed with moral attributes. It cannot be, in any true sense, said of Coriolanus, Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, Troilus and Cressida, Cymbeline or Antony and Cleopatra that they are atheist or infidel, in regard to religion. There are occasional skeptical utterances, and at least one positive atheist:—Aaron the Moor,—whose portrait is drawn in the play of Titus Andronicus, in characters blacker than his skin.

Shakspeare never conceived an infidel of amiable, or even decent character. Aaron, who “believed no God,” was a monster of iniquity, a brutal, cruel, demon of a man, without a spark of goodness, who boasted that: “Aaron will have his soul black like his face.” His deeds and curses were of the foulest; he found sport in the vilest outrages, on man and woman, and exclaimed:—

“If there be devils would I were a devil
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.”

Titus And. 5: 1.

Coleridge has well said,¹ “I know of no character in Shakspeare to which he has given a propensity to sneer and scoff or express contempt but he has made that man a villain.”

¹ Lectures on Shakspeare.

Even in the minor plays we find a constant movement toward retribution and judgment, and the working out of all things towards the good of society. The sacrifices of the virtuous, the sufferings of the good who are sometimes involved in the evil plots of the bad, and the final ignominy and death of the wicked always lead to better things.

Take, for example, the play already alluded to and what do we find? At the outset Titus commits a serious error in conceding the pretensions to the throne of the unworthy Saturninus. A still graver wrong is his yielding to the clamor for one of the Goths as a sacrifice of conquest,—giving up to slaughter the eldest son of the conquered queen. There follows a general disorder. The country is humiliated and disgraced by its Emperor's consort with the base and lustful Queen Lavinia; the fair daughter of Titus is cruelly outraged and butchered and Titus himself is victimized with the loss of a hand. Revenge upon the brutal sons of the Queen is conceived in a savage mood and manner of death; King, Queen and Titus are each involved in the final tragedy. Yet all the movement of the play leads toward a purging of the country from the spirit which led up to these crimes, and brings about a new and happier condition, under the rule of the experienced and chastened Lucius.

It is in the major plays, however, that we find the religious thought rising higher and is, in fact, reverent, Scriptural and Christian.

It has been said that the works of Shakspeare are "the logical and fitting sequence of the old mystery play." Mr. Snider says, "this seeks to give in a religious framework, the entire history of man from the Creation till the Judgment Day, as it is presented in historic continuity in the Old and New Testaments. The Lord and the Devil are the two chief characters, who appear, in person, on the stage and carry on the conflict. The Devil is comic in these old plays, so are all his demons, cohorts and earthly representatives such as Herod. To the simple mind of the people, the bad, in attempting to overthrow the good is foolish, ludicrous, comic. Evil in its complete circle is self-destructive, so our ancestors laughed at the Devil, on the stage at least. . . . The true drama must have all these elements,—it must reveal the divine way of dealing with the world as the mystery play; it must show the moral germ in the individual as the morality play; it must be life incorporate, as the interlude. Now Shakspeare has all these elements, not in isolation, but so fused together in the heat of his poetic conception, that they make something altogether new. His drama is not strictly religious, not strictly moral, not strictly sen-

"suous, yet it is all three; it shows the world order, it portrays personal character in the deepest sense."¹

But it must be observed that the difference between Shakspeare and the old religious play-writers is, that he does not use any "religious framework" to set forth religion and he never places the Divine Being, in person on the stage, or presents a spectacular heaven or hell.² The world is his stage and all mankind are his characters. He makes these to move in a consistent and uniform ethical order, in perfect harmony with Scriptural teaching. In fact, as Mr. Snider says, "It is herein that the unique and all surpassing greatness of Shakspeare lies."

Mr. Snider has also shown, most clearly, in his treatment of the Tragedies and the Comedies, how Shakspeare brought "all colliding elements into harmony. The solution of all disturbing and conflicting agents" has one fundamental principle—the return of the deed upon the doer. Man has that which he has done brought home to him in the end; his action, often through the most devious and subtle passages, sweeps back and includes himself. Eternal, divine justice it may be called, indeed it is found already named in some of these plays,—'justice of God.' . . . Tragedy with him means, not death merely, but sacrifice. Shakspeare's tragedy is at the bottom, mediatorial and reaches into the divine scheme of the world."³

This view of the Tragedies presents to many readers, a new lesson, of the greatest breadth and value. It furnishes a key to many of the most difficult passages and explains why the Poet has introduced some characters into his plays which are otherwise inexplicable.

We have seen, how the love of Romeo and Juliet becomes the force which leads to the sacrifice, not only of the lovers themselves, but of all who stand in the way of peace between the warring houses of Capulet and Montague.

We see also how Hamlet's death is involved in the death of his father's murderer, for he, too, had killed a father; and how Ophelia is sacrificed through love, and her father and brother are also involved in the tragedy, which, however, brings about a condition of general peace, impossible or incomplete while any of them lived.

Richard III., in his violence and crusade of murder, is an instrument of retribution, completing the fall of the houses of Lancaster and York which had kept England in a broil for a long period of years; and brought about the first crowning of an English King by parliamentary

¹The Shakspeare Drama. Introduction to Tragedies.

²See chapter on Shakespeare and Immortality.

³The Shakspeare Drama (Tragedies).

title, introducing a new era of government and peace to England; while Richard comes to his death in a manner exactly fitted to his fearful and murderous life.

The representation of Richard III. as a skeptic is surely foreign to the text of the play as we have it. He was impious and blasphemous but he evidently believed in the fundamental teachings of his church. At times he would scoff at retribution and he tried to laugh away his fears with—"conscience is a word that cowards use," yet at another time this very thought turns upon him. As he awakes from a troubled dream he exclaims, "O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!" His dreams are the foreshadowings of the realities of to-morrow's judgment. He is in terror, not of any earthly tribunal or of physical fear, for he is no coward. The awful conflict is within and his fears do not proceed from skeptical doubts but the very reverse. In his soliloquy he portrays his terror:—

"Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason: why?
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale
And every tale condemns me for a villain:
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard." 5: 3.

Nor can he shake off this guilty fear in the presence of others. He confesses to Ratcliff:—

"By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by Richmond." 5: 3.

He describes his own deeds of wickedness, not as a skeptic would, but as one who believes in the terms of the Bible:—

"I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin."

And while Richard does not, like Richmond, take any pious comfort from the thought that God supports him in his battles (indeed, how could he?) yet he recognizes the hand of Heaven in the conflict:—

“—the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.”

One thing in this play does not seem to be consistent with Shakspeare. Lady Anne is represented as yielding to the strangely fascinating tongue of Richard under circumstances that are unnatural and revolting and especially so, to such a woman. We are inclined therefore to believe that this scene has been interpolated for stage effect and note with satisfaction Coleridge's opinion that “Shakspeare did not write the scene.”

Turning to the play of *MACBETH* we have already noticed the striking analogy in the plot with the Bible account of Ahab and Jezebel.¹ Macbeth is troubled with a keen conscience, but it does not stay his hand. He beats down the accusing agent by reasoning:—

“ I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more;
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.”

And so he plunges on, deeper and deeper in blood, sacrificing all who stand in his way. He is “hell bound,” as Macduff says, and not until the end of the tragedy, with all that are involved, is there a way for peace and better government, by the nobler Malcolm.

The play of *OTHELLO* opens to view another of those tangled webs, which are woven by error and wrong, and which Shakspeare so admirably shows are unraveled only by the order of the ethical law and divine justice. Othello is at the head of the army, distinguished above the noblest citizen of Venice. His bravery in war has placed him there, but it has also turned the heads of the governing powers and won the love of the beautiful daughter of a Senator, who marries him in spite of her father's opposition.

This is a great error,—a crime against the order of nature and the proprieties of civilized society. Desdemona shares fully in this violation of order and does wrong to her father and to society, by eloping and marrying the Moor. This marriage is neither natural or moral.

¹ See chapter on “Tragedies in Bible and in Shakspeare.”

All the heroic qualities of Othello do not justify the mesalliance. It is in the nature of things that trouble and discord will follow. The ethical law cannot be appeased until the breach is healed. Sacrifice and judgment are inevitable. And in this case they follow quickly: the sins, already committed, have a speedy progeny.

The death of Desdemona is shocking to our view and commands our sympathy. It does not seem that she has done anything to call for so violent an ending. Yet she wedded herself to the Moor, and he, for whom she sacrificed race instincts, degraded herself socially, and disobeyed her father's will, takes her life.

The villain Iago meets the conviction and death of ignominy consistent with his treacherous crimes, while Othello inflicts his own punishment in a fit of noble passion and sorrow, mingled with contempt for himself, as a fool who was entrapped in the meshes of a traitor and conspirator. The play, as a whole, is a striking illustration of Shakspeare's consistent working out, through all the various stages of his works, towards the final sacrifice that must ever attend the breach of the ethical order of the world.¹

The great historical plays of English Kings, are, with one exception,² infused with the same principles. Indeed, it is in the plays of the Henry's and the Richard's that we find most of Scripture and the religious institutions:—the church, the saint days, the holy days, the clergy and the prayer-book are, all of them, in frequent evidence. No brief reference to these various plays could even introduce the many religious themes that are found there.³

And, to a very large extent the same may be said of the greater Comedies.

The *MERCHANT OF VENICE* is a drama of mediation. Mercy is its plea and Portia is its charming voice. Mr. Snider has furnished us with an excellent commentary on this play from which we desire to quote the following interesting paragraph: "Many lawyers say that no court in Christendom would have decided that a pound of flesh did not include the blood, though the bond might not have expressly said so. This may be the case but it does not affect the truth of Shakspeare's representation. His design was to show how formal law contradicts itself and to exhibit the Jew beaten at his own game. The might of the form of law was never more powerfully represented. The Judge, the people and justice itself, are all on the side of the

¹See appended Note on Othello at foot of this article.

²See Henry VIII in chapter 4.

³The quotations from these plays will be found in Book IV of this volume.

"innocent man, yet they are unable to rescue him from the clutches of an odious wretch who has the form alone on his side. Still the Poet must find for us some reconciliation with the law: it would be most ridiculously inadequate if it did not furnish some means for reaching the Jew. This it does, inasmuch as it is made to seize the crime of Shylock just at its most vulnerable point,—criminal intention. This is Portia's next point against him. He has willed the death of a citizen of which the punishment is confiscation and death."¹

So Shakspeare does not bring Antonio to death. Shylock himself must be the sacrifice;—in the end his wealth is confiscated, and his credit ruined; yet Mercy steps in and saves his life, although he himself had no mercy.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE is still more clearly a play of mediatorship. Isabella is mediator for her brother's sin and at the same time the accuser of the sinful Deputy. Here, as in the Merchant of Venice, mercy rises above law. But the chief purpose in the play is to bring about a better observance of family honor and personal chastity. The public conscience is weak; the general conduct is loose and the family is in danger. Mediation and sacrifice redeem society and family life finds an example in the marriage of the Duke and Isabella.²

These comments may be said to refer to the ethical principles of the Poet, but it will be seen that his ethics are profoundly religious and imbued with Scripture reference and thought. It would require a volume by itself to do justice to this theme. But, in truth, we can never do it justice. Shakspeare must be his own interpreter. He who would understand the Poet's loftiest teachings must study him.

[NOTE.] Mr. Denton J. Snider has presented a view of Othello which seems to us at variance with his own conception and treatment of Shakspeare's consistency and harmony with the moral law. He says: "The true motive for Iago's hate" lies in this: "He considers that Othello has destroyed the chastity of his wife."

This suggestion is based upon two of the soliloquies of Iago, in the first of which he tells himself that such a thing "is thought abroad," to which he adds:—

¹ The Shakspeare Drama (Comedies).

² See chapter 3, Heroes and Heroines.

" I know not if't be true
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind
Will do, as for surety."

This is his speech after his second interview of conspiracy with Roderigo. It is true that in his next soliloquy Iago recurs to the same thought and lays more stress upon it; but one looks, in vain, for the grounds of his suspicion or for evidence that he either knows or believes it. His soliloquies are rehearsals of the part he means to play in his deeds of "double knavery." Standing alone, they amount to nothing as evidence against Othello. They are vivid pictures of the inner workings of the mind of Iago and they reveal his attempts to reason himself into excuses for his devilish deeds which may afford some salve to his own conscience. For even Iago has a conscience.

But Mr. Snider accepts Iago's counterfeits as current coin, and assuming the guilt of Othello, he says: "Here lies the germ of his belief in the faithlessness of his wife." If this were true, Othello would be the first offender and Iago would have the excuse of an aggrieved and wronged husband. Furthermore, if this were true, Justice was unequal, which is precisely what Mr. Snider claims never happens in Shakspeare. Othello died by his own hand, repentant and self-condemning for his part in the tragedy, but lamented as a hero, without a stain upon his reputation; while Iago was delivered up to the executioner, amid the execrations of all, as "a hellish villain," who had wrought evil for good and for whose punishment the extreme penalty of the law was inadequate.

It does not escape Mr. Snider's observation that Iago never mentions the subject of his suspicion, but he argues that "he would not be likely to announce his own shame, or herald his self-degrading suspicions."

But what cared he for the shame of it? He, who plundered the weak libertine (Roderigo) of his money, on the pretense of securing the ruin of Desdemona to serve his lust;—he, whose opinion of women was mean and vile and who had but little *respect for* and no *faith* in his wife? Would such a man hesitate to tell his story to Roderigo, when relating to him the reasons for his hate, if he had really believed it? Would he not have poured a story in the ears of Desdemona's father which at least implied that he had reasons to suspect Othello?

What is still more to the point:—Had Othello been guilty with the wife of Iago, would he have selected her as the attendant and companion of his young bride upon whose lovely innocence he doted, while he went to the war?

Can one imagine a man like Iago being silent when confronted by Othello in the presence of the officers of the law with this:—

“Will you I pray demand that demi-devil
Why he hath ensnar’d my soul and body?”

Had he possessed any reasons for suspicion, Iago would most assuredly have answered this challenge. Nothing that we can conceive of, would have wrought so much in his favor as a plea of partial justification such as this would have been.¹

And then, does Othello himself, in his last moments, exhibit any trace of self-conviction? In the presence of the same officers, and of Iago and his wife Emilia, he says:—

“Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then you must speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.”

One has not far to seek for the real cause of Iago’s hate. Othello appointed Cassio instead of himself to the coveted lieutenantancy. It is a case of disappointed ambition and he is bent on revenge. “I do hate him,” he tells Brabantio, “as I do hell-pains.” He knows well that no ordinary means will accomplish the downfall of a man like Othello. His plot, therefore, is conceived, with all circumstance and detail, so as to arouse jealousy in the one thing that would touch the Moor to the quick. This he does with masterly skill and cunning, making Roderigo, Cassio, and his own wife, all instruments of his devilish plot until he sets on fire:—

“One, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed to the extreme; . . . threw away a pearl.”

¹Prof. Sharp regards Iago as conscienceless. “He desires Roderigo’s money, Cassio’s place, possibly, too, the satisfaction of avenging himself upon Othello for preferring a book-crammed student to a man of affairs like himself, and for being the (innocent) occasion of false reports about his wife’s infidelity. . . . He finds an actual enjoyment in his villainy, not primarily because he wants revenge, but because he delights in his sense of strength and skill that is awakened by successful intrigue. He chuckles over his disguise and plays with it; he becomes so fascinated with the game that he half forgets the ends for which it was originally undertaken and we hear about his marital jealousy of the Moor ‘gnawing his inwards,’ and even of a similar jealousy of Cassio. “Shakespeare’s Portrayal of a Moral Life.”

VII

SHAKSPEARE AND IMMORTALITY

It has been said that "Christianity has failed to express itself in any adequate drama."¹ But this may be simply an acknowledgment that the drama is inadequate to express it. The greatest things of the Christian religion are inexpressible. The drama deals with visible things; it can only represent the unseen in so far as material things can embody it. But, as the Apostle Paul says: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

It has also been said that "for Shakspeare, in the matter of religion, the choice lay between Christianity and nothing."¹ If it be meant, that for purposes of dramatization he made choice of 'nothing' in religion, then we agree with the writer and the absence of any great religious drama by Shakspeare is explained. A religion which consists of temples, cathedrals, robes, ritual, forms, sacrificial offerings and processions, may be dramatized; but to Shakspeare, Christianity was inexpressibly greater. Even *his* genius could not reach the unseen things which are spiritual, and embody them as creatures of nature and of sense.

All attempts at the dramatization of Heaven and Hell are necessarily grotesque, and are infinitely below the real and true. Heaven can only be seen by the heavenly character. Hell is unreal to the speculative thinker, but terribly real to the conscience of the wicked doer.

Immortality is not a subject for the drama. Art cannot paint it; poetry cannot attain unto it; genius cannot discover it;—the best that they can do is to portray expressions of the human in whose soul immortality is an abiding hope.

It has often been said that the greatest of all dramatists had no soul for the immortal, because he did not, like Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, and Goethe, enter the realm of an imaginary heaven or hell. Even Dr. Strong dwells upon this thought as a limitation in Shakspeare. He says, almost mournfully, "Shakspeare has no heaven and no hell,"² and

¹G. Santayana in *The New World*, Dec., 1896.

²*The Great Poets and their Theology.*

quotes Scherer,¹ as saying: "It is on the boundaries of the invisible world that Shakspeare's vision fails."

But it seems to us that, in nothing is the universal quality of Shakspeare's genius seen more clearly, than in the fact that he presented the *Eternal* through human experience, in its infinite variety of hopes and fears, the working of conscience, the basis of ethical thought, and the common looking forward of all men towards judgment and a here-after. He was too fully and truly the poet of the world's realities to attempt a picture of the divine, or build a drama upon the immortality of man. He did not essay to gild the stars or illuminate the sun.

But he was also, too great and too true, to the highest thought and aspiration of the human mind to ignore its loftiest conceptions and hopes. Essentially, he treats the subject of immortality as the Bible does. The Scriptures proceed upon the assumption that *Immortality is*. They do not, in any definite form, announce it, or affirm it. From Genesis to Revelation there is no defining word,—no special statement of it. The fact of the after-life is not declared, but taken for granted. It is whispered in every promise to dying man; it is assumed in the doctrine of salvation; it is involved in the resurrection, in the final adjustment, in the law of rewards and punishment, in justice and judgment, in Heaven and Hell. In all Christ's teachings he never refers to the future life as a subject in doubt, or needing to be affirmed. He taught its conditions,—the fact he assumed. When the Apostle Paul says, "this mortal must put on immortality,"—the theme of his discourse is, life, death and the resurrection:—immortality is a logical sequence.

So also, Shakspeare does not make the spiritual realm a subject of the drama. There are no spectacular heaven or hell in his plays. He seems to have recognized that the realities of the spiritual world are not for the stage,—that immortality can only be declared in the faith and the hopes of human experience. It is true that some of the numerous *personnel* of his plays express doubts about the after-life; but in such cases, the character or circumstances of the doubter, point to it as a generally recognized fact, and our Poet never puts into the lips of any sane or credible witness any doubt on the subject. The doubter is either a pagan or a dreamer. Even Hamlet, whom Dr. Strong especially quotes, while contemplating deliverance from himself by suicide, recognizes the after-life:—

¹ The quotation is probably from E. H. A. Scherar, the French critic,—not W. Scherer, the more recent German author.

“O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seems to me all the uses of this world!” 1: 2.

In a morbidly speculative mood he says:—

“To be, or not to be, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream.”

But from this gloomy mood he is aroused by the common faith; almost, he falls back into the reasonableness of a future, as he says:—

“Ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.”

This is not a pleasant thought to one contemplating suicide, but it pursues him:—

“There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bears,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns?"

3: 1.

Illustrations in this play are almost without number,¹ of the thought, current among all mankind, in all ages, that we have a moral nature, subject to laws that are not material or finite; and the thought of an after-life runs through them all:—

“All that lives must die
 Passing through nature to eternity.”

The chief incidents proceed upon the supposition of a deathless spirit and all of its finest passages involve the thought. When Hamlet's friend Horatio discusses the uncanny appearance of the ghost he tells how:—

“When the cock crew
 . . . it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons.”

And Marcellus, an officer, who had been one of the watch says:—

“It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Whereon our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long.”

Hamlet himself *thinks of an after-life* when he says:—

“Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
 Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!”

And when he is assured by his friend that they have seen his father's ghost, walking at the dead hour of the night, he says:—

“My father's spirit in arms! all is not well
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
 Till then, sit still my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.” 1: 2.

¹ See “Death” in Scripture Themes.

At midnight, the ghost appears and Horatio beseeches Hamlet not to follow its beckoning, but Hamlet says:—

“Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin’s fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?”

I: 4.

In the mind of Hamlet his father’s spirit and his own soul are not merely immaterial shadows of the mortal life, but distinct existences, not subject to material law:—*spirits, with an after-life*. The ghost in the play is made to express the certainty of this after-life and of a judgment therein. As he describes the murder which deprived him of his mortal life, he says:—

“Thus was I . . . at once dispatch’d
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
Unhousel’d,¹ disappointed,² unanel’d³
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.”

I: 5.

There is not a shadow of a doubt of a future state in the mind of Hamlet when he contemplates revenge by killing the King. He says:—

“Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I’ll do’t: . . .”

But he reflects that to kill the King when he is in the act of devotions would defeat his purpose:—⁴

¹Without communion or death-bed rites.

²Not appointed, not prepared.

³Without extreme unction.

⁴Prof. Sharp, to whose new book reference is made in the introductory preface offers the following comments on this subject: “The reputation of Hamlet as the typical doubter, the imaginative incorporation of the spirit of Montaigne, is one of the most extraordinary vagaries of Shakspearean criticism. Here is a man whose fate turns upon a visit from a disembodied spirit; a man who is expected by his father to count it a double wrong for the victim of assassination to be cut off in the midst of his sins, with no chance to purge his soul by the ministrations of the priest; a man who fears no ghost, because he can say:

‘And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?’

a man, when the opportunity to discharge his commission thrusts itself upon him, succeeds in disguising to himself his own unwillingness to take the irrevoca-

“. . . and so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.” “No,
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage;
 . . . or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't:
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
 And that his soul may be damn'd, and black
 As hell, whereto it goes.” 3: 3.

The one thought of revenge pursues him constantly but Hamlet never loses sight of the future life. Indeed the whole play proceeds upon the thought of an hereafter. Ophelia, speaking to her brother, says:—

“Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whils't, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.” 1: 3.

Even the Scripture account of judgment day, as described in I Cor. xv. 52, is brought to mind. In the burial scene of Ophelia the Priest declines to observe all the usual religious rites because, he says:—

“Her death was doubtful;
 And but that great command o'ersways the order
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet.”

Laertes, the brother of Ophelia, answers the priest thus: —

“I tell thee churlish priest
 'A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.” 5: 1.

ble step by the consideration that to kill one in prayer is to send his soul to a better world; a man so completely dominated by the religious view of life that he falls into the error of mistaking results of his own insight for the miraculous interference of Providence in his behalf. Truly, a sceptic of this kind would have little to fear from the fires of the Inquisition. Shakspeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life, pp. 210, 211.

And the play of *HAMLET* is not exceptional in the treatment by Shakspeare of the doctrines associated with the thought of immortality. In all his works the after-life is assumed.

MACBETH, it is true, ever tries to reason himself into a materialism, which "would jump (risk) the life to come." Yet the thought of the hereafter pursues him, in his worst, as well as his best moments:—

" . . . the bell invites me.
Hear it not Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell."

The same thought comes to him with increasing force as he dismisses his hired assassins to do their work of death to Banquo:—

" Banquo, thy soul's flight
If it find Heaven, must find it out to-night."

In his better thoughts he is troubled that he cannot pray:—

" . . . wherefore could I not pronounce AMEN?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat."

While he is ever anxious to make gain, at any cost, in this life the judgment of the life to come constantly haunts him. In terror he cries:—

" But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the world's suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

Macb. 3: 2.

He surrounds himself with all the safeguards which his fertile mind can suggest. He has his own paid spies in the houses of all distinguished families. He says:—

" There is not one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd."

Yet the ghosts of his victims trouble him. His conscience "will not down." Strong in his schemes of blood, he is weak in his superstitious dependence upon the miserable charm of the witches:—

" I will to th' weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst.

It is very natural that such a man, wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, at the news of the death of Lady Macbeth should exclaim: "Life's but a walking shadow."

The play, as a whole, presents a fearful picture of a man who trusted in the powers of evil to sustain him in his wrongdoing, and did his best to discredit the retribution of the future life. But, as the play proceeds, one has no fear of the reputation of Heaven. The portrait drawn by Macduff is strongly drawn, but true:—

" Not in the legions
Of horrid Hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth."

4: 3.

When he dies like a mad beast at bay and peace reigns with the "grace of Grace" no one can feel that testimony has been borne against the immortality of man.

Again, very much that is best in *ROMEO AND JULIET* would be absent if the religious element were eliminated, and there would be no meaning to the religion in the play without the thought of the hereafter.

When Juliet lies, apparently dead, through the agency of the potion administered by the friar, her father cries:—

" O child! O child! my soul and not my child!—
Dead art thou! alack! my child is dead!
And with my child my joys are buried."

And the old friar replies:—

" Peace, ho, for shame, confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid;
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps His part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;
 For t'was your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
 And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?"

And when Romeo inquires the news of his servant he asks:—

"How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again:
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well."

The servant answers:—

"Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives."

The play of RICHARD III. teems with suggestion of the after-life. It is in the dream of the Duke of Clarence; as he lies in prison, with the prospect of death before him he says:—

"That as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night
 Though t'were to buy a world of happy days."

And when Brakenbury asks him if he did not "awake at this sore agony" he says:—

"No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest of my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
 With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night." *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

The future state is in the conversation of the two murderers as they talk of "conscience" and "judgment-day;" and in King Edward's reflections, as he says:—

"I every day expect an ambassage
 From my dear Redeemer to redeem me hence;
 And more to peace my soul shall part to Heaven
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth."

In Queen Margaret's curses upon the King and in Richard's forecast of the coming judgment upon himself we find the same thought of the after-life.

How beautiful are the lines of Lorenzo to Jessica in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, but how meaningless they would be without the thought of immortality:—

“ Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still 'quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whil'st this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

Mer. of Ven. 5:1.

In the Sonnets, too, the Poet presents this truth:—

“ Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.”
“ Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity.”

The scene in *II HENRY VI.* at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, quoted at length elsewhere in this volume,¹ is a striking testimony of this mortal looking for immortality. Commenting on this scene Schlegel remarks: “Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious King is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments labors to enter his soul.”²

If any are looking for a final word on this great subject let them not ask it of Shakspeare. But if we would find a consistent and faithful wit-

¹ See “Death” in *Scripture Themes*.

² *Dramatic Literature*. A. W. Schlegel.

ness to the Scriptural doctrine of Immortality we may turn with profit to the testimony of all his great dramas.

Nowhere does Shakspeare conflict with the glorious assurance of Jesus Christ "who both brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

And we may perhaps see a more direct revelation of the mind of the Poet himself in his most noble sonnet:—

" Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,
Painting thy onward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss.
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then."

Sonnet 146.

Indeed, this inspiring theme is everywhere. As Shakspeare is the mirror of the universal mind so he reflects the universal hope in his works, while his own absolute faith is declared in the opening words of his Will:—

" I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

BOOK FOURTH

Scripture Themes in Shakspeare

*CONSISTING OF NUMEROUS QUOTATIONS FROM SHAK-
SPEARE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRUTHS, AR-
RANGED UNDER SEPARATE HEADINGS*

I

SCRIPTURE THEMES IN SHAKSPEARE

This part of our work partakes of the character of a cyclopedia of Biblical and moral texts found in the dramas and poems of Shakspeare.

It must not, however, be understood as embracing all the moral sayings of the great author's works. Only those passages have been selected which are, in the mind of the writer, directly, or indirectly, related in thought, spirit, or figure to the doctrine and morals of the Bible, or to the accepted teachings of the Christian religion. A much larger volume than this would be necessary for a classification of the numerous wise, philosophic and moral sayings of Shakspeare.

In all such quotations there is a danger of reading into the author's words and making current, a meaning that is not justified by the whole text and context. Every reader of the Bible is aware of this danger; it is therefore, only necessary to point it out in order to avoid the mistake here.

In preparing these pages the writer has had to face the difficult task of placing the quotations, under right headings, without frequent repetition. The genius of Shakspeare presents truths so many-sided that often, in a few lines, several subjects are included.

In a few instances passages are repeated under separate headings. Thus, for example, in II Hen. VI. 3:2 we have this: "Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just," which with a slight addition is placed under the topic "Conscience" as well as "Justice," and the passage from Measure for Measure which opens:—

"He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe,"

seems to be as appropriate to the subject of "Christian Ministry" as to "Justice" and has been placed under both heads.

On the other hand, in some cases, two or more topics have been placed together because it is found that the quotations so directly refer to more than one subject that they are inseparable; as for example

"Life and Time," "Gratitude and Ingratitude," "Slander and Malice," while in, at least, one case, subjects which seem to be akin have been divided because of the Poet's special reference to one or both of them respectively. Thus,—*"Grace before Meat"* might have been placed under the general head of *"Praise"* but that there are several special references to the first topic which by themselves are of peculiar interest.

The conversation between Lucio and two gentlemen in *Measure for Measure* 1:2, illustrates this: Lucio says:—

"Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said."

In this brief conversation we have four subjects of interest:—

1. Hypocrisy of the pirate "with the ten commandments."
2. A recognition of the pious practice of "thanksgiving before meat."
3. The prevailing impiety of a soldier's life.
4. That a trained soldier's business and interests are opposed to peace.

The passages in *"Scripture Themes in Shakspeare"* include some that do not directly bear any reference to a Scripture subject, but it will be found that such passages contain the Christian spirit and teaching in a marked degree. This will be specially observed in the selections on Peace and War.

Some of the passages are given because a Bible name or character is quoted, thus showing that the author had Scripture thought and figure in his mind while writing. Two passages may be cited as illustrating this principle of selection.

Under the head of *"Virtue"* a figure of beauty is given from *Sonnet 93*: thus—

"How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow."

In the passage from *Measure for Measure* 2: 4,—

“ Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever,”

there is no Biblical quotation, or direct Scriptural reference, but these beautiful lines contain the doctrine of purity revolting at sin; and also that death and sin are forever inseparable, a teaching which is faithfully maintained throughout the entire works of Shakspeare.

These illustrations will be sufficient to explain the arrangement of this part of our work.

AMBITION

Ambition, Thou scarlet sin. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition. *II Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts. *II Hen. VI. 1: 2.*

The devil speed him! No man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. *Hen. VIII. 1: 1.*

Love and meekness,
Become a churchman better than ambition. *Hen. VIII. 5: 2.*

Too much honor:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

Ambition's debt is paid . . .
O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? *Jul. Caesar 3: 1.*

To see how God in all his creatures works!
 Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high. *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

'Tis a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Jul. Caesar 2: 1.*

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By love, I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I who feed upon my cost;
 But if it be a sin to covet honor
 I am the most offending soul alive. . . .
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
 For the best hope I have. *Hen. V. 4: 3.*

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now,—two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough:— . . .
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph! *I Hen. IV. 5: 4.*

He wants nothing of a god but Eternity, and a heaven to throne
 in. (See Heaven.) *Corio. 5: 4.*

O God! I could be bound in a nut-shell, or count myself a king of
 infinite space; were it not that I have had bad dreams.

Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the
 ambition is merely the shadow of a dream. *Ham. 2: 2.*

CHARITY—GENEROSITY—HOSPITALITY.

Charity,—

Which renders good for bad, blessings for cursings.

(See Forgiveness.) *Rich. III. 1: 2.*

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. *Hen. VIII. 2: 3.*

Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them, and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 3.*

My master is of churlish disposition,

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

As You Like It 2: 4.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;

His dews are everywhere. . . .

. . . No doubt he's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him. . .

He may? . . . he has wherewithal; in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:

Men of his way should be most liberal,

They are set here for examples. *Hen. VIII. 1: 3.*

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY—CLERGYMEN

You holy clergymen. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

More needs she the divine than the physician. *Macb. 5: 1.*

Sermons in stones, and good in everything. *As You Like It 2: 1.*

Meditating with two divines;
See where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen! *Rich. III. 3: 7.*

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance tread,
And reck's not his own read.¹ (See Hypocrisy.) *Ham. 1: 3.*

God forbid—
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding
With open titles miscreate² whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth; . . .
We charge you in the name of God, take heed. *Hen. V. 1: 2.*

He who the sword of Heaven will bear -
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.
(See Justice.) \ *Meas. for Meas. 3: 2.*

Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. . . .
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
. . . I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will you not maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? *I Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

¹ doctrine.

² spurious.

How I have sped among the clergymen,
 The sums I have collected shall express.
 But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
 I find the people strangely fantasied;
 Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundred treading on his heels:
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown,

.
 Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd it is but voluntary.

King John 4: 2 and 5: 1.

It better show'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text,
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of Heaven?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven, itself;
 The very opener and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
 And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;
 Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
 As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonorable? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,
 The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
 And, both against the peace of Heaven and him. *II Hen. IV. 4: 2.*

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. *Mer. of Ven. 1: 2.*

COMFORT

God comfort him in this necessity. *I Hen. VI. 4: 3.*

I am come to advise with you, and comfort you and pray with you.
Meas. for Meas. 4: 3.

That comfort comes too late
'Tis like pardon after execution. *Hen. VIII. 4: 2.*

I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world. *Meas. for Meas. 5: 1.*

Comfort's in heaven: and we are on earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care and grief. *Rich. II. 2: 2.*

Now God be praised! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair. *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses. . . .
The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

All's Well 4: 3.

CONSCIENCE

Conscience does make cowards of us all. *Ham.* 3: 1.

How is't with me when every noise appals me? *Macb.* 2: 2.

. . . Wash every mote out of his conscience. *Hen. V.* 4: 1.

There's something in me that reproves my fault.

Twelfth Night 3: 4.

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse. *Rich. III.* 4: 3.

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience.

Meas. for Meas. 2: 3.

Having God, her conscience and these bars against me.

Rich. III. 1: 2.

A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction.

II Hen. IV. Epil.

Bear not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soul. *Rich. II.* 1: 3.

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

Takes off my manhood. *Cymb.* 5: 2.

The color of the king doth come and go

Between his purpose and his conscience. *King John* 4: 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *III Hen. VI.* 5: 6.

Love is too young to know what conscience is

Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love. *Sonnet* 151.

So much my conscience whispers in your ear

Which none but Heaven, and you, and I shall hear.

King John 1: 1.

I know that thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
Therefore, I urge thy oath. (See Religious Vows.)

Titus And. 5: 1.

Go to your bosom,
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare? *Jul. Caesar 4: 3.*

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors whil'st thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends! *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: You good gods give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt
Then, free for ever! *Cymb. 5: 4.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. (See Justice.)
II Hen. VI. 3: 2.

O coward conscience how dost thou afflict me!
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. (See Remorse.)
Rich. III. 5: 3.

For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With some miraculous organ. . . .
The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ham. 2: 2.*

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience
That maketh goblins swift as frenzy thought.

Troi. and Cress. 5: 11.

. . . graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still. *Lucrece. St. 36.*

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. *Ham. 1: 5.*

Conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden! *Ham. 3: 1.*

Canst thou minister to a mind diseas'd:
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanser the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon her heart? *Macb. 5: 3.*

Come, come, and sit you down: you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
. . . O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct. *Ham. 3: 4.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council: and the state of man
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection. *Jul. Caesar 2: 1.*

O, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check;
 Richer than doing nothing for a bribe
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
 . . . I have lived at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time. . . .
 . . . heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me. *Cymb. 3: 3.*

God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
 Besides they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself. *Hen. V. 4: 1,*

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness
 Scruple and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast: Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that is to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. *Hen. VIII. 2: 4.*

The play of Macbeth should be read as a whole for a study on Conscience...The sense of guilt and of a sin-stricken heart is strikingly portrayed in the following passages from that play:—

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried "murder!" that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers.
And address'd them again to sleep.

Lady. M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands¹
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here?¹ Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red. *Macb. 2: 2.*

In the Night-watch when the Doctor comes to view the troubled Lady Macbeth in her sleep-walkings we have the following:—

Lady M. Yet here's the spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out I say! One; Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: — Hell is murky: Fie, my lord fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it when none can call our power to account?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. . . . What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

¹Macbeth looks upon his hands stained with blood.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those who have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. . . .

Doct. . . . Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.—

God, God, forgive us all! *Macb.* 5: 1.

Second Mur. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Mur. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Sec. Mur. Come he dies! I had forgot the reward.

First Mur. Where's thy conscience now?

Sec. Mur. Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

First Mur. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Mur. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none will entertain it.

First Mur. What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Mur. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it. *Rich. III.* 1: 4.

Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, . . . and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. *Mer. of Ven.* 2: 2.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE—ETERNITY

A royal fellowship of death! *Hen. V. 4: 8.*

He that dies, pays all debts. *Tempest 3: 2.*

Death, death, O, amiable, lovely death! *King John 3: 4.*

O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty.
King John 4: 3.

A man can die but once — we owe a death.¹ *II Hen. IV. 3: 2.*

Where art thou death? . . . This mortal house I'll ruin.
Ant. and Cleo. 5: 2.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.
II Hen. IV. 3: 2.

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.
Tempest 1: 1.

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Jul. Caesar 2: 2.*

It is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Macb. 2: 1.*

Immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. *Pericles 3: 2.*

Thou know'st 'tis common! all that lives must die
Passing through nature to eternity. *Ham. 1: 2.*

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life? *Ham. 4: 5.*

Kings and mightiest potentates must die;
For that's the end of human misery. *I. Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

¹Some versions read, "We owe God a death."

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high
 Whilst thy gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Rich. II. 5: 5.

Come, side by side together live and die
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. *I Hen. VI. 4: 5.*

— Men must endure
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither
 Ripeness is all. *King Lear 5: 2.*

My joy is death:
 Death at whose name I oft have been afeared
 Because I wish'd this world's eternity. *II Hen. VI. 2: 4.*

But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I Hen. VI. 2: 5.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath... *King John 3: 4.*

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
 That to their everlasting residence
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet. *King John 2: 1.*

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity. *Sonnet 122.*

If you will live lament, if die, be brief;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of ne'er changing right. *Rich. III. 2: 2.*

Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life must end.
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. *II Hen. IV. 4: 4.*

When wilt — begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?
Do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine
end. *II Hen. IV. 2: 4.*

O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: No, Percy, thou are dust,
And food for — worms. *I Hen. IV. 5: 4.*

— full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again:
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Hcn. VIII. 4: 2.

God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—that they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end. *III Hen. VI. 1: 4.*

Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even. . . .
To sue to live, I find I seek to die
And seeking death find life: Let it come on.
. . . Darest thou die!
The sense of death is most in apprehension. (See Life.)
Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.

Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
King John 5: 4.

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must. *III Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. *Tempest 4: 1.*

That we should die we know; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
 — Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
 — Grant that, and then is death a benefit
 So we are Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
 His time of fearing death. *Jul. Caesar 3: 1.*

Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid! now heaven hath all,
 And all the better it is for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. . . .

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.

Rom. and Jul. 4: 5 and 5: 1.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home are gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and lasses must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great
 Thou are past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust. *Song in Cymb. 4: 2.*

To be, or not to be ; that is the question : —
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ? — To die, — to sleep, —
 No more ; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ; — to sleep : —
 To sleep ! perchance to dream : — ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would these fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death, —
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns. *Ham. 3: 1.*

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice :
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible.
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war.
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murder'd;—for within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want,
 Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king? *Rich. II. 3: 2.*

The death scene of Cardinal Beaufort as presented in II Hen. VI., powerfully describes the end of an ambitious man, whose life was strangely inconsistent with his high office in the church.

Beau. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. (*Beau. dies*)
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. *II. Hen. VI. 3: 3.*

"So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God. I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such thoughts yet. *Mrs. Quickly's account of the death of Fallstaff. Hen. V. 2: 3.*

DEATH, PREPARATION FOR

Make peace with God, for you must die. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Hen. V. 4: 2.

If it (death) be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.
Ham. 5: 2.

'Tis a vile thing to die . . .
When men are unprepared, and look not for it. *Rich. III. 3: 2.*

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness (readiness) is all. *King Lear 5: 2.*

He's not prepared for death! . . .
. . . Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Ham. 1: 5.*

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, heaven forfend, I would not kill thy soul. *Othello 5: 2.*

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

God almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, . . .
They are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress ourselves fairly for our end. *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Jul. Caesar 2: 2.*

My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow. *Pericles 1: 1.*

Every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost (occupied), wherein such preparation was gained: And in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer He let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Hen. V. 4: 1.

FAITHFULNESS—FRIENDSHIP—CONSTANCY

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me. *Jul. Caesar* 5: 5.

. . . recall the good Camillo.
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy: . . .
. . . and how his piety
Doth my deeds make the blacker. *Winter's Tale* 3: 2.

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you
God willing, shall not lack. *Ham.* 1: 5.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy:
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! *All's Well* 1: 1.

. . . When he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. *Timon* 2: 2.

Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has taken with equal thanks.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Ham.* 3: 2.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. *Jul. Caesar* 4: 3.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith. *Jul. Caesar* 4: 2.

O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins.
Two Gent. 5: 4.

I have trusted thee, Camillo
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom. *Winter's Tale* 1: 2.

Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Hen. VIII. 2: 1.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none. . .

What need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. *Timon* 1: 2.

FALSEHOOD—FLATTERY—DECEIT

. . . A quicksand of deceit. *III Hen. VI.* 5: 4.

Flattery is the bellows blows up sin. *Pericles* 1: 2.

One may smile and smile and be a villain. *Ham.* 1: 5.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel angel on the outer side. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 2.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice! *Rich. III.* 2: 2.

These lies are like the father that begets them:
Gross as a mountain, open, palpable. *I Hen. IV.* 2: 4.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults at last with shame derides. *King Lear* 1: 1.

O that man's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Timon* 1: 2.

. . . His kisses are Judas's own children,
And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
As You Like It 3: 4.

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. *Cymb.* 3: 6.

Who having unto truth, by telling of it:
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie. *Tempest* 1: 2.

Now I think on't,
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks. *Hen. VIII. 3: 1.*

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous. *III Hen. VI. 5: 6.*

Apparel vice like virtues harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false. *Com. of Err. 3: 2.*

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf,
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit? *II Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament,
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. *Mer. of Ven. 3: 2.*

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example. *Hen. VIII. 4: 2.*

Why this is the world's soul;
 And just of the same piece
 Is every flatterer's sport: who can call him his friend
 That dips in the same dish? *Timon* 3: 2.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Mer. of Ven.* 1: 3.

Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now; . . .
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all. *Othello* 2: 3.

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
 Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
 Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
 Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
 Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
 God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Rich. III. 3: 1.

Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?
 . . . I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left
 hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to
 hedge, and to lurch. *Merry Wives* 2: 2.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic: he
 crossed himself by't; and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies
 of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul?
 takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent
 zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic
 love. *Timon.* 3: 3.

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant; fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb-ravening lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
 A damned saint, an honorable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst pour the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 Was ever book containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace! . . . There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—*Rom. and Jul. 3: 2.*

FORGIVENESS—PARDON

God forgive the sin of all those souls. *King John 2: 1.*

If there be any such, Heaven pardon him! *Othello 4: 2.*

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! *III Hen. VI. 5: 6.*

God forgive them that so much have sway'd. *I Hen. IV. 3: 2.*

Who by repentance is not satisfied
 Is not of Heaven. *Two Gent. 5: 4.*

More needs she the divine than the physician,
 God, God; forgive us all! *Macb. 5: 1.*

Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for cursings.

Rich III. 1: 2.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

Rom. and Jul. 3: 5.

I do think that you might pardon him
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.

Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
. . . May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence? *Ham. 3: 3.*

Well Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 1.*

Are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours forever? *Macb. 3: 1.*

God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me. . . .
God quit you in His mercy! *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be:
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument! *Hen. VIII. 2: 1.*

Duch. A virtuous and Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends. *Rich. III. 3: 7.*

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for king's mouths so meet.
Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

. I do not sue to stand
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong. *Rich. II. 5: 3.*

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES

By Him that made me. *I Hen. VI. 2: 4.*

By Him that made us all. *III Hen. VI. 2: 2.*

Great God! how just art Thou. *II Hen. VI. 5: 1.*

This lies all within the will of God. *Hen. V. 1: 2.*

So just is God, to right the innocent. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

O, upright, just and true-disposing God. *Rich. III. 4: 4.*

Mercy . . . is an attribute to God himself. *Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.*

Eternal Mover of the heavens. (See Death.) *II Hen. VI. 3: 3.*

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed. (See Suicide.) *Ham. 1: 2.*

It is not so with Him that all things knows. *All's Well 2: 1.*

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at. *II Hen. VI. 1: 4.*

A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our designs. *Rom. and Jul. 5: 3.*

God omnipotent
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf. *Rich. II. 3: 3.*

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do. *Winter's Tale 3: 2.*

GOD OUR DEFENCE AND HELP

In the great hand of God I stand. *Macb. 2: 3.*

God befriend us, as our cause is just. *I Hen. IV. 5: 1.*

God on our side, doubt not of victory. *II Hen. VI. 4: 8.*

God and his angels guard your sacred throne. *Hen. V. 1: 2.*

We are in God's hands brother, not in their's. *Hen. V. 3: 6.*

The Lord protect him, for he's a good man!
Jesu, bless him! *II Hen. VI. 1: 3.*

Arm, arm you heavens, against these perjur'd kings
A widow cries; be husband to me. *King John 3: 1.*

O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. *Hen. V. 4: 8.*

The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord. *Rich. II. 3: 2.*

But as we, under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy. *King John 3: 1.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Rich. II. 1: 3.*

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable. *III Hen. VI. 4: 1.*

God knows how long it is I have to live
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death. *II Hen. VI. 5: 3.*

Thou God of this vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell: and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass. *Pericles 3: 1.*

GOD OUR TRUST—NOT MAN

Give your cause to Heaven. *Meas. for Meas.* 4: 3.

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! *Hen. V.* 4: 7.

O, momentary grace of mortal man
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God. *Rich. III.* 3: 4.

There is your crown:
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! *II Hen. IV.* 4: 4.

O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Hen. VIII.* 3: 4.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men. *All's Well* 2: 1.

GOLD—MONEY (SEE WEALTH)

"All that glisters is not gold." *Mer. of Ven.* 2: 7.

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods. *Cymb.* 3: 6.

Plate 'sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. *King Lear* 4: 6.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. *Rom. and Jul.* 5: 1.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death? . . .
Gold were as good as twenty orators
And will no doubt tempt him to anything. *Rich. III. 4: 2.*

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance: oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? *Cymb. 2: 3.*

Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

King John 3: 1.

What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
. . . Much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
. . . Why this
Will buy your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench. *Timon. 4: 3.*

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end. *Corio. 4: 7.*

Grace thou wilt have none,—
No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be a prologue to
an egg and butter. *I Hen. IV. 1: 2.*

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
Tam. of Shrew 4: 1.

While grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say. amen. (See Hypocrisy.)
Mer. of Ven. 2: 2.

1 Gent. There's not a soldier of us that, in the thanksgiving before
meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace
was said.

2 Gent. No? A dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.
Meas. for Meas. 1: 2.

GRATITUDE—INGRATITUDE

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend. *King Lear 1: 4.*

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms. *Jul. Caesar 3: 2.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. *King Lear 1: 4.*

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! *II Hen. VI. 1: 1.*

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't? *King Lear 3: 4.*

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice. *Twelfth Night* 3: 4.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude;
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. *Troi. and Cres.* 3: 3.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou 'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine. *Macb.* 1: 4.

God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you. *Rich. III.* 2: 2

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Song in As You Like It 2: 7.

Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ungrateful were
to make a monster of the multitude. *Corio.* 2: 3.

HEAVEN

O all you host of heaven! *Ham. 1: 5.*

He wisheth you in heaven. (See Hell.) *I Hen. IV. 3: 1.*

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. *Macb. 2: 1.*

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished. *Rich. I. 1: 3.*

He wants nothing of a god but
Eternity, and a heaven to throne in. *Corio. 5: 4.*

There are more things in heaven and earth.—
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. *Ham. 1: 5.*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast. *Hen. V. 4: 6.*

I here protest; in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss. *III. Hen. VI. 3: 3.*

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
Mid. Dream 5: 1.

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven? *Rom. and Jul. 3: 5.*

Fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. *As You Like It 1: 2.*

Yet that thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul
Now lords, take leave, until we meet again
Where e'er it be, in Heaven, or on earth. *III Hen. VI. 2: 3.*

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved. *Othello 2: 3.*

Would I were with him, either in heaven, or in hell!
Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's¹ bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. *Hen. V. 2: 3.*

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
The more fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. *Twelfth Night 1: 5.*

HEAVEN, RECOGNITION IN

When I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. *Hen. VIII. 5: 4.*

Warwick bids

You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. *III. Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. *III. Hen. VI. 5: 5.*

God be wi' you princes all: I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully. *Hen. V. 4: 3.*

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again; . . .
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. *King John 3: 4.*

¹ Abraham's bosom.

HELL

As black as hell, as dark as night. *Sonnet 147.*

'Tis the cunning livery of hell. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

By hell, and all hell's torments. *Troi. and Cres. 5: 2.*

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell? *Com. of Err. 2: 2.*

The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people. *Corio. 3: 3.*

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell. *Lucrece St. 223.*

I think his soul is in hell. (See Heaven.) *Twelfth Night 1: 5.*

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell. *Rich. III. 4: 4.*

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold. *Mid. Dream 5: 1.*

If the bottom were as deep as hell I should drown.

Merry Wives 3: 5.

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal.

All's Well 2: 3.

Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here. *Tempest 1: 2.*

. . . Yet none knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell. *Sonnet 129.*

I am damned in hell for swearing . . .

. . . Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? *Merry Wives 2: 2.*

If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell

But to torment you with my bitter tongue! *Titus And. 5: 1.*

No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell. *Macb.* 5: 7.

Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him
And all their ministers attend on him. *Rich. III.* 1: 3.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell. *Mid. Dream* 1: 1.

I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
If not of hell, the heavens sure favor him. *I Hen. VI.* 2: 1.

Down, down, to hell; and say I sent thee thither
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. *III Hen. VI.* 5: 6.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell. *Rich. III.* 1: 2.

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. *II Hen. VI.* 4: 10.

And be my heart an ever-burning hell,
These miseries are more than may be borne. *Titus And.* 3: 1.

But purgatory, torture, hell itself . . . banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell. *Rom. and Jul.* 3: 3.

And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell. *Lucrece St.* 184.

Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *Twelfth Night* 3: 4.

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night. *Love's Labor* 4: 3.

I will stir up in England some black storm.
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell. *II Hen. VI.* 3: 1.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell! *Ham.* 1: 4.

O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough
for him? *I Hen. IV. 1: 2.*

If I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell
among the rogues. *Jul. Caesar 1: 2.*

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me
should set hell on fire. *Merry Wives 5: 5.*

I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in
purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.
I Hen. IV. 3: 3.

False as hell. . . . you
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell. *Othello 4: 2.*

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth. . . .
Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Macb. 4: 3.*

Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
As low as hell's from heaven. *Othello 1: 3 and 2: 1.*

No, he is in Tartar limbo, worse than hell
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; . . .
One that, before judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
Com. of Err. 4: 2.

This outward-sainted deputy
. . . is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell. . . .
O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

Go thou and fill another room in hell.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Rich. II. 5: 5.*

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself. *Hen. VIII. 1: 1.*

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out. *Sonnet 144.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub?—Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, in the other devil's name?—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there?—'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. *Macb. 2: 3.*

HYPOCRISY—INSINCERITY (SEE FALSEHOOD)

False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *Macb.* 1: 7.

Ye have angel's faces, but heaven knows your hearts. *Hen. VIII.* 3: 1.

How holily he works in all his business! *Hen. VIII.* 2: 2.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth. *Ham.* 2: 1.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Much Ado* 4: 1.

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious actions, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Ham.* 3: 1.

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *Hen. VIII.* 2: 2.

Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me
So Judas did to Christ; but he in twelve
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand none. *Rich. II.* 4: 1.

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you
jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance. *Ham.* 3: 1.

Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for. *Macb.* 1: 5.

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
. . . never trust me more. *Mer. of Ven.* 2: 2

And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st.
 Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
 To say the truth, so Judas kissed his Master
 And cried, All hail! when he meant—all harm. *Hen. VI. 5: 7.*

Now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion:
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind. *II Hen. IV. 1: 1.*

Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with
 the ten commandments but scraped one out of the table.

Thou shalt not steal?

Ay, that he razed. *Meas. for Meas. 1: 2.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes.
 For villainy is not without such rheum;
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence. *King John 4: 3.*

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross
 And water cannot wash away your sin. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like an hypocrite
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. *Pericles 1: 1 and 1: 3.*

Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
 His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
 He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
 We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
 His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
 Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
 His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
 Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
 Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
 That mercy which true prayers ought to have. *Rich. II. 5: 3.*

And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descent:
 And be not easily won to our requests;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it. *Rich. III. 3: 7.*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial. *Jul. Caesar 4: 2.*

O perilous mouths!
 That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue
 Either of condemnation or reproof;
 Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws! *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

O place! O form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood!
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature
 That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts:
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue:— . . .
 He liv'd from all attainder of suspects. *Rich. III. 3: 5.*

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

Lucrece, St. 217.

I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual. *Hen. VIII. 2: 4.*

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince.
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness. *Meas. for Meas. 5: 1.*

IGNORANCE—PRIDE

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven. *II Hen. VI. 4: 7.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good. *Ant. and Cleo. 2: 1.*

The eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy. *Rich. II. 1: 3.*

. . . I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard:
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself. *Hen. VIII. 1: 1.*

There is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled
than the Egyptians in their fog.
I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark
as hell. *Twelfth Night 4: 2.*

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not
near thee! . . .
What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer? *Troi. and Cres. 2: 3.*

Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not
what pride is. . . . He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own
glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself
but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise. *Troi. and Cres. 2: 3.*

INNOCENCE

The trust I have is in mine innocence. *II Hen. VI. 4: 4.*

Unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil. *Lucrece, St. 13.*

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails. *Winter's Tale 2: 2.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.¹ *Macb. 4: 3.*

. . . A thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
. . . trust not my age
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error. *Much Ado 4: 1.*

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk 'i the sun
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not Guilty." *Winter's Tale 1: 2.*

. . . If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. . . . For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And one that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience. *Winter's Tale 3: 2.*

¹That is, though all bad things should counterfeit the looks of goodness, yet goodness must still wear its own looks. Hudson's Notes.

JESUS—CHRIST—SAVIOUR

So Judas did to Christ. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

Jesu maintain your royal excellence. *II Hen. VI 1: 1.*

The precious image of our dear Redeemer. *Rich. III. 2: 1.*

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ. *I Hen. IV. 3: 2.*

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence. *Rich. III. 2: 1.*

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated. *Ham. 1: 1.*

The dread King that took our state upon Him

To free us from His Father's wrathful curse. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

Your Master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived

Upon this naughty earth. *Hen. VIII. 5: 1.*

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,

We are impressed and engag'd to fight.

. . . In those holy fields,

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd

For our advantage, on the bitter cross. *I Hen. IV. 1: 1.*

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross.

. . And there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,

Under whose colors he had fought so long. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

JUDGMENT

Heaven forgive my sins at the day of Judgment. *Merry Wives* 3: 3.

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom. *Rom. and Jul.* 3: 2.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Ham.* 1: 5.

The dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. *I Hen. VI.* 1: 1.

God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed! *Rich.* III. 1: 2.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Ham.* 1: 2.

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason. *Jul. Caesar* 3: 2.

Which if we should deny, the most just God,
For every graft would send a caterpillar. *Pericles* 5: 1.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image. *Macb.* 2: 3.

How would you be,
If He, which is at the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 2.

O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation. *King John* 4: 2.

Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end. *Rich.* III. 2: 1.

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts; . . .
 . . . If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
 For judgment only doth belong to Thee. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

If these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,
 though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from
 God. (See Responsibility.) *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day. . . .
 . . . The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of
 remorse in me. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy.
 Alter not the doom
 Fore-thought by heaven. *King John 2: 1 and 3: 1.*

O let the vile world end!
 And the premis'd flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! *II Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
 This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies:
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.

Rich. III. 5: 1.

. . . if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off. *Macb. 1: 7.*

JUSTICE—INJUSTICE

Justice always whirls in equal measure. *Love's Labor 4: 3.*

Measure for measure must be answered. *III Hen. VI. 2: 6*

Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.
Meas. for Meas. 5: 1.

God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
 So just is God, to right the innocent. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell. *Rich. II. 3: 1.*

O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. *Rich. III. 2: 1.*

'Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings
 A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! *King John 3: 1.*

If Angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.
Rich. II. 3: 2.

Condemn the fault but not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.

Poise the cause in justice equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
II Hen. VI. 2: 1.

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
III Hen. VI. 3: 3.

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt. *Hen. VIII. 3: 1.*

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. *Pericles 5: 1.*

. . . This shows that you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! *King Lear 4: 2.*

. . . And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. *Pericles 2: 4.*

I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me. *Hen. VIII. 5: 2.*

He who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 2.*

I show it (pity) most of all, when I show justice;
 For then I pity those I do not know;
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes
 Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
 Ay with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd
 To do him justice, and revenge on you. *King John 2: 1.*

Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

Like a traitor coward.
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice and rough chastisement. *Rich. II. 1: 1.*

May he continue . . . and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em!
Hen. VIII. 3: 2.

Go take hence that traitor from our sight;
 For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
 And God in justice, hath reveal'd to us
 The truth and innocence of this poor fellow
 Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
II Hen. VI. 2: 3.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
 O, know you, yet he doth it publicly;
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
 He needs no indirect or lawless course,
 To cut off those that have offended him. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done,
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
 To punish my mistreadings. *I Hen. IV. 3: 2.*

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute¹
 His deputy anointed in His sight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
 Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gau. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Rich. II. 1: 2.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. *Ham. 3: 3.* (See Remorse.)

Not ever
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you? such things have been done.
 You are potently oppos'd; with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? *Hen. VIII. 5: 1.*

¹Hudson states that the word here given "*God's*" is so printed in the quartos, but in the folios was printed "*Heaven's*" doubtless on account of the statute against the irreverent use of the sacred name. The same change is made in other places.

. . . give your cause to Heaven.
 . . . If you can pace your wisdom
 In that good path that I wish it to go;
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
 And general honor. *Meas. for Meas. 4: 3.*

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
 Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. *King Lear 4: 6.*

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

II Hen. IV. 4: 7.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Ham. 1: 5.*

What is the end of study? let me know.

Why that to know, which else we should not know.

Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

Ay, that is study's god-like recompense. . . .

Study knows that which yet it doth not know. . . .

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks. . . .

Too much to know is to know nought but fame. (See Light.)

Love's Labor 1: 1.

We have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge. *All's Well* 2: 3.

LIFE—TIME

Thy life's a miracle. *King Lear* 4: 6.

We trifle time away. *Hen. VIII.* 5: 2.

Like madness is the glory of this life. *Timon* 1: 2.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return. *Rich. II.* 3: 2.

(Time) thou ceaseless lackey to eternity. *Lacrece, St.* 139.

Let life be short; else shame will be too long. *Hen. V.* 4: 5.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.

As You Like It 3: 2.

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time.

King John 3: 1.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

All's Well 4: 3.

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow. *Macb.* 5: 5.

Time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. *I Hen. IV.* 5: 4.

Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and

Let Time try. *As You Like It* 4: 1.

The time of life is short;

To spend that shortness basely were too long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,

Still ending at the arrival of an hour. *I Hen. IV.* 5: 2.

Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can. *Troi. and Cres. 4: 2.*

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time. *Ham. 2: 2.*

Come what, come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Macb. 1: 3.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Ham. 1: 4.*

This day I breath'd first: time is come round;
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. *Jul. Caesar 5: 3.*

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. *As You Like It 2: 7.*

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbiter, Time,
Will one day end it. *Troi. and Cres. 4: 5.*

But thought the slave of life, and life time's fool:
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. *I Hen. IV. 5: 4.*

Time's the King of men
For he's their parent, and he's their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave. *Pericles 2: 3.*

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. *As You Like It 2: 1.*

. . . how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age. *As You Like It 3: 2.*

O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe.¹ *Cymb.* 3: 3.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument! *Hen. VIII.* 2: 1.

See the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live. *III Hen. VI.* 2: 5.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself. *Jul. Caesar* 1: 2.

Let's take this instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quickest decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. *All's Well* 5: 3.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees is left this vault to
brag of. *Macb.* 2: 3.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. *Macb.* 5: 3.

¹ Steevens and others substitute the word "babe" for bribe.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity. *Sonnet 77.*

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops. *Lucrece, St. 135. 7.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ·
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood:
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: . .

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young. *Sonnet 19.*

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose. *Sonnet 64.*

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present, nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee. *Sonnet 123.*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? *Sonnet 65.*

Reason thus with life:

If do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art. . .
 thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: if thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo,¹ and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

¹ A tetter, or rash on the skin.

Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 1.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

Light and lust are deadly enemies. (See Lust.) *Lucrece*, St. 97.

How far that little candle throws his beams
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Mer. of Ven.* 5: 1.

To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
 (See Knowledge.) *Love's Labor* 1: 1.

Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth with us' t'were all alike
 As if we had them not. *Meas. for Meas.* 1: 1.

When the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves. *Rich. II.* 3: 2.

LOVE (SEE MARRIAGE)

Love reasons without reason. *Cymb. 4: 2.*

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet 116.*

For charity itself fulfills the law:
And who can sever love from charity? *Love's Labor 4: 3.*

. . . how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar! love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Solomon so seduced; he had a very good wit. *Love's Labor 1: 2.*

I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. *All's Well 1: 3.*

LUST

Light and lust are deadly enemies. . . .
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before. *Lucrece*, St. 97, 99.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Song in Merry Wives 5: 5.

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited th' eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
 Even there he starts: — quoth he, I must deflower:
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they, then, assist me in the act? *Lucrece*, St. 49, 50.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have extreme;
 A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads to this hell. *Sonnet* 129.

Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. *Ham. 3: 4.*

. . . —his words—do no more adhere than the hundredth psalm of the tune of Green Sleeves. . . . I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.

Why Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell that ever the devil could have made you our delight? *Merry Wives 2: 1 and 5: 5.*

MAN

I think the king is but a man, as I am. *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

| He speaks not like a man of God's making. *Love's Labor 5: 2.*

Immortality attends the founner, making a man a god.
(See Virtue.) *Pericles 3: 2.*

God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.
Mer. of Ven. 1: 2.

To see how God in all his creature's works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high. *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh ; few are angels. *Hen. VIII. 5: 2.*

Are we not brothers?
So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. *Cymb. 4: 2.*

Man, proud man !
Drest in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls, . . .
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls. *Com. of Err. 2: 1.*

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. *Ham. 4: 4.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object :
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion quicklier catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. *Troi. and Cres. 3: 3.*

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages. *As You Like It* 2: 7.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—When he thinks, good easy man, full surely
This greatness is ripening,—nips his root, and then he falls, as
I do. *Hen. VIII.* 3: 2.

Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he
find it stopping a bung-hole?

. . . as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why
of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-
barrel?

“Imperial Caesar dead, and turn to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t’ expel the winter’s flaw!” *Ham.* 5: 1.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite
in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action,
how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is the quintes-
sence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither. *Ham.* 2: 2.

O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise,
and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the
accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so
strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen
had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so
abominably. *Ham.* 3: 2.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope. *All's Well* 1: 1.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves. *Jul. Caesar* 1: 2.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will. *I Hen. VI.* 2: 4.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers¹ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. *King Lear* 1: 2.

So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that

¹"Treacher,"—a trickster, a cheat.

here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

MARRIAGE

A world-without-end bargain. *Love's Labor 5: 2.*

In the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit. *Mid. Dream 4: 1.*

The instances, that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love. *Ham. 3: 2.*

I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine. *Com. of Err. 2: 2.*

. . . At Saint Mary's chapel, presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized. *King John 2: 2.*

She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours. *Mer. of Ven. 5: 1.*

What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage. *Tam. Shrew 3: 2.*

Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honor, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years? *Rich. III. 4: 4.*

Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. *As You Like It* 3: 3.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. . . . (Yet)
God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together. *III Hen. VI.* 4: 1.

Nature craves
All dues render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? *Troi. and Cres.* 2: 2.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith. *Twelfth Night* 4: 3.

If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine. *All's Well* 5: 3.

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows. *Meas. for Meas.* 5: 1.

I will make you man and wife: . . .
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd? *Pericles* 2: 5.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. . . .

Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business. *Winter's Tale* 4: 3.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss
And is a pattern of celestial peace. *I Hen. VI. 5: 5.*

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true-succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! *Rich. III. 5:4.*

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow. *The Tempest* 4: 1.

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
At one together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter
Hymen from heaven brought her
Yea, brought her hither ;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is. *Song in As You Like It 5: 4.*

My heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers; so hers is set on mine
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. . . . this I pray
That thou consent to marry us to-day. . . .
Come come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Rom. and Jul. 2: 3 and 2: 6.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
 As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
 So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
 That never may ill office or fell jealousy,
 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
 Thrust in between. *Hen. V. 5: 2.*

Let not the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds. . . .
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom. *Sonnet 116.*

Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife. . . .
 . . . Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience
 Upward of twenty years. If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against my honor aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name
 Turn me away. *Hen. VIII. 2: 4.*

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed.
 . . . O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower,
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love. *Rom. and Jul. 4: 1.*

As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor. *As You Like It* 3:3.

I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two. . . . I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge. . . . If I should bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. *Mer. of Ven.* 1:2.

Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. . . .

Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. . . . No, Uncle I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. . . .

I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd. . . .

. . . Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! . . . His grace hath made the match and all grace say Amen to it! . . . Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: . . . Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites. *Much Ado* 2:1.

MEEKNESS—CONTENTMENT—HUMILITY

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. *Othello* 3:3.

He is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer. *III Hen. VI.* 2:1.

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast
Love, charity, obedience and true duty. *Rich. III.* 2:2.

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal. *I Hen. VI.* 5:1.

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. *Hen. VIII.* 5:2.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? *As You Like It* 2: 1

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
 Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen; my crown is called content,
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. *III Hen. VI.* 3: 1.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow. . . . Our content
 Is our best having. *Hen. VIII.* 2: 3.

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God. *Hen. VIII.* 4: 2.

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times.
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him. *III Hen. VI. 2: 5.*

MERCY

Have mercy Jesu! *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

God in mercy so deal with my soul. *II Hen. VI. 1: 3.*

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up. *Hen. V. 3: 3.*

God have mercy upon one of our souls! *Twelfth Night 3: 4.*

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger.
Corio. 5: 4.

Mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

Lawful mercy
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
II Hen. VI. 1: 4.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
 That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Meas. for Meas. 4: 2.

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws. *Hen. V. 2: 4.*

Use every one after his desert, and who should
Escape whipping! *Ham. 2: 2.*

O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man! *I Hen. VI. 1: 4.*

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death
Art thou damned. *King John 4: 3.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *Titus And. 1: 2.*

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears. *III Hen. VI. 4: 8.*

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. . . .
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defense, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this. *Tim. of Athens 3: 5.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *Mer. of Ven.* 4: 1.

. . . For God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth
 against me. O Lord have mercy upon me. O Lord, have mercy upon
 me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!
II Hen. VI. 1: 3.

MIRACLES

Thy life's a miracle. *King Lear* 4: 6.

It must be so: for miracles are ceased;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected. *Hen. V.* 1: 1.

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace,
 To work exceeding miracles on earth. *I Hen. VI.* 5: 4.

Great floods have flown
 From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied. *All's Well* 2: 1.

They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons,
 to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence
 is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming
 knowledge, when we should submit to an unknown fear.

All's Well 2: 3.

NATURE'S LESSONS

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Troi. and Cres. 3: 3.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read. *Ant. and Cleo. 1: 2.*

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows. *Love's Labor 1: 1.*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! *Winter's Tale 1: 2.*

Nature does require

Her times of preservation, which, perforce,

I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,

Must give my tendance to. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind

Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Twelfth Night 3: 4.

Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court ?

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,

The season's difference, or the icy fang,

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery: these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It 2: 1.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
 By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
 The water swell before a boisterous storm.
 But leave it all to God. *Rich. III. 2: 3.*

OBEDIENCE

Let him obey that know not how to rule. *II Hen. VI. 5:1.*

I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience. *Ant. and Cleo. 5: 2.*

You sin against
 Obedience which you owe your father. *Cymb. 2:3.*

Obey thy parents; keep thy word's justice; swear not; commit not
 with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
King Lear 3: 4.

I do not know
 What kind of my obedience I should tender,
 More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
 Are not words duly hallow'd. (See Prayer.) *Hen. VIII. 2: 3.*

Therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavor in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience. *Hen. V. 1: 2.*

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION—TYRANNY

O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly. *Mer. of Ven.* 2: 9.

Plate sin, with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. *King Lear* 4: 6.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steal themselves. . . .

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 2.

And let me tell you Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold to underservers.

. . . Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus. *Jul. Caesar* 4: 3.

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *King John* 3: 1.

PATIENCE—HOPE

God, our hope, will succor us. *II Hen. VI. 4: 5.*

You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need. *King Lear 2: 4.*

A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Love's Labor 1: 1.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

God of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

I must be patient, till the heaven's look
With an aspect more favorable. *Winter's Tale 2: 1.*

I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss. *III Hen. VI. 3: 3.*

Farewell—
The hopes of court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

I will (be patient)
When you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. *Hen. VIII. 2: 4.*

Arming myself with patience
To stay [wait for] the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below. *Jul. Caesar 5: 1.*

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side. *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his. *Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.*

She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night* 2: 4.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees? *Othello* 2: 3.

Then in God's name, march;
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Rich. III.* 5: 2.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction . . .
I should have found, in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. *Othello* 4: 2.

. . . Oh! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!¹ Heaven shield your grace from woe
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go. *Meas. for Meas.* 5: 1.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding. . . .

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. *Troil. and Cres.* 1: 1.

Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with a like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain. *Com. of Err.* 2: 1.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak to me of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

¹ False appearance.

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
 Call sorrow joy ; cry hem, when he should groan ;
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters ; bring him you to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel ; . . .
 No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel : . . .
 . . . For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And make a push at chance and sufferance. *Much Ado 5: 1.*

PEACE (SEE WAR)

Blessed are the peace-makers on earth. *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

A peace above all earthly dignities. (See Conscience.)

Hen. VIII. 3: 2.

I will not think but they ascend the sky

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

Make peace with God for you must die. . . .

Have you that holy feeling in your souls

To counsel me to make my peace with God? *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's. *Hen. VIII. 3: 2.*

I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural

That such immanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith. *I Hen. VI. 5: 1.*

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war. . . .
 Whiles, we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

King John 2: 1.

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
 He was the author, thou the instrument. . . .
 . . . Thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
 Adjudg'd an olive-branch, and laurel crown,
 As likely to be bless'd in peace, and war. *III Hen. VI. 4: 6.*

God and our good cause fight upon our side;
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
 . . . One that hath ever been God's enemy.
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy:
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

Rich. III. 5: 3.

In her days every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from his cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honor and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him. Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven. *Hen. VIII. 5: 4.*

In the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Much Ado 2: 3.

PRAISE—THANKFULNESS

God be praised and blessed. *Hen. V. 3: 6.*

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. *I Hen. VI. 1: 6.*

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
 Quite from himself to God. *Chorus to Hen. V. 5.*

Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
 To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! *II Hen. VI. 4: 9.*

O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all, . . . Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine! . . .
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this or take that praise from God,
 Which is his only. *Hen. V. 4: 8.*

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done. *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sins rebuke, and my Creator's praise. *III Hen. VI. 4: 6.*

PRAYER

Now I am past all comfort here, but prayers. *Hen. VIII. 4: 2.*

He is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer. *III Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

The church's prayers made him so prosperous. *I Hen. VI. 1: 1.*

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death. *Hen. V. 4: 2.*

I will wish her speedy strength and visit her with my prayers.
Corio. 1: 3.

I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers.
(See Conscience.) *Macb. 2: 2.*

If, when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves. *II Hen. VI. 4: 7.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. *Ham. 3: 3.*

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation. *Mer. of Ven. 3: 4.*

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers. *Two Gent. 1: 1.*

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have. *Rich. II. 5: 3.*

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
The wills above be done, but I should fain die a dry death.
Tempest 1: 1.

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants. *III Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. (See Faithfulness.) *Hen. VIII. 2: 1.*

His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his faults. *Merry Wives 1: 4.*

. . . In the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.*

Have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him. *Cymb. 1: 4.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers. *Ant. and Cleo. 2: 1.*

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand. *I Hen. VI. 1: 4.*

My ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and press all faults. *Tempest—Epilogue.*

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye; . . .
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still. *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

My prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes
Are all I can return. (See Obedience.) *Hen. VIII. 2: 3.*

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children ! *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects ; Heaven hath my empty words ;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us !
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st unjustly must be spilt. *Rich. III. 3: 3.*

Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers.
Titus And. 3: 1.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise : prayers from preserved souls. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul ! *III Hen. VI. 2: 3.*

Remember this,—
 God and our good cause, fight upon our side;
 The prayers of holy saints and wrong'd souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces. *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive
 Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. *All's Well 3: 4.*

Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will; . . .
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? *Ham. 3: 3.*

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heaven should countenance his sin. . . .
 But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
 quoth he
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act. *Lucrece, St. 49, 50.*

PROVIDENCE

We are in God's hands, brother. *Hen. V. 3: 6.*

Heaven hath a hand in these events. *Rich. II. 5: 2.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king. *Ham. 4: 5.*

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. *Ham. 5: 2.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Ham. 5: 2.*

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow. *As You Like It 2: 3.*

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast
Led on by Heaven and crown'd with joy at last. *Pericles 5: 3.*

. . . The grace of heaven
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round! *Othello 2: 1.*

Arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below. *Jul. Caesar 5: 1.*

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Mer. of Ven. 1: 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. *Jul. Caesar 4: 3.*

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm
But leave it all to God. *Rich. III. 2: 3.*

The providence that's in a watchful state. . . .
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. *Troi. and Cres.* 3: 3.

PURITY—HONOR—COURAGE—RECTITUDE

Heaven keep your honor safe! *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 2.

If I lose mine honor I lose myself. *Ant. and Cleo.* 3: 4.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. *II Hen. VI.* 3: 1.

The valiant never taste of death but once. *Jul. Caesar* 2: 2.

Unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil. *Lucrece, St.* 13.

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. *Timon* 4: 3.

Where I could not be honest
 I never yet was valiant. *King Lear* 5: 1.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
 And therefore am I bold and resolute. *II Hen. VI.* 4: 4.

He's truly valiant that wisely suffers
 The worst that man can breathe. *Timon* 3: 5.

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:
 Take honor from me and my life is done. *Rich. II.* 1: 1.

To thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man. *Ham.* 1: 3.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth. *Two Gent.* 2: 7.

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate :
 Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man
 Holds honor far more precious dear than life. *Troi. and Cres.* 5: 3.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit. *Tam. of Shrew* 4: 3.

God forbid, . . .
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With open titles miscreate (spurious). *Hen. V.* 1: 2.

Shall Cæsar send a lie?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth?—
 Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come. *Jul. Caesar* 2: 2.

Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's. *Hen. VIII.* 3: 2.

What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other :
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honor more than I fear death. *Jul. Caesar* 1: 2.

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
 For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. *Jul. Caesar* 4: 3.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 . . . And, to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God. *Hen. VIII. 4: 2.*

O ! that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ; and that clear honor
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many men then should cover, that stand bare ;
 How many commanded, that command :
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honor. *Mer. of Ven. 2: 9.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. . . .
 Mine honor is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honor from me, and my life is done.
 Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try ;
 In that I live, and for that will I die. *Rich. II. 1: 1.*

Not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honor ; but honor for those honors
 That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
 Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. *Troi. and Cres. 3: 3.*

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. *As You Like It 2: 3.*

It shall scarce boot me

To say "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
 Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine
 Behold our human actions, (as they do)
 I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
 (Who least will seem to do so) my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
 To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. *Winter's Tale* 3: 2.

She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my suit dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. *Merry Wives* 2: 2.

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand. *Ham.* 2: 2.

She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested.
Othello 2: 3.

REDEMPTION—ATONEMENT

Now, by the death of Him that died for all. *II Hen. VI. 1: 1.*

. . . to renounce his baptism
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin. *Othello 2: 3.*

Why, all the souls that were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread king, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

I charge you as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins
That you depart and lay no hands upon me. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

Renowned for their needs as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son. *Rich. II. 2: 1.*

I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth. *Rich. III. 2: 1.*

(See also Shakspeare's Will.)

RELIGIOUS VOWS AND OATHS

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel. *Timon* 4: 3.

He heard him swear and vow to God. *I Hen. IV.* 4: 3.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken. *Two Gent.* 2: 6.

—With the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath. *All's Well* 3: 6.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath
And sin to break it. *Love's Labor* 2: 1.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury on my soul? *Mer. of Ven.* 4: 1.

He hath given countenance to his speech
With almost all the holy vows of Heaven. *Ham.* 1: 3.

—Having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath
Study to break it, and not break my troth. *Love's Labor* 1: 1.

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and perfect of my bond. *Mer. of Ven.* 4: 1.

. . . hold your vow.
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men. *Love's Labor* 5: 2.

. . . Do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. *III Hen. VI.* 3: 1.

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven. *Rich. II.* 4: 1.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow
But vows to every purpose must not hold. *Troi. and Cres.* 5: 3.

By God's will! . . .
By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom. *I Hen. VI.* 2: 4.

To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's when he sacrificed his daughter. *III Hen. VI. 5: 1.*

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth
 But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
 What is not holy, that we swear not by
 But take the highest to witness. *All's Well* 4: 2.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The wish if He be pleased I shall perform,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow. *I Hen. IV. 3: 2.*

Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
 . . . O, let thy vow
First make to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd.
. . . It is religion that doth make vows kept
But thou hast sworn against religion. *King John* 3:1.

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
No ; God forbid your grace should be foresworn.
. . . An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears. *III Hen. VI. i: 2.*

No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
 . . . what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fail for it ?
 . . . unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath. *Jul. Caesar* 2: 1.

Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?
 It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath? *II Hen. VI. 5: 1.*

Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with him,
 The unity, the king my husband made
 Thou had'st not broken, nor my brothers died.
 If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now? *Rich. III. 4: 4.*

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no God
 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as indeed, I do not;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
 . . . Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that, I know,
 An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
 And keeps the oath which by that God he swears,
 To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will. *Titus And. 5: 1.*

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE—WORSHIP

You shall not only take the sacrament. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice. *Jul. Caesar 2: 2.*

As we have taken the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red. *Rich. III. 5: 4.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation. *Rich. III. 3: 7.*

Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eye to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
. the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. *Hen. VIII. 4: 1.*

True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
. . . and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd. (See Man.)
As You Like It 2: 7.

Stoop boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock. Hail, Heaven! *Cymb. 3: 3.*

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy. *Macb. 4: 3.*

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd: . . .

Win. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church^m thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes. *I Hen. VI. 1: 1.*

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS—PRACTICES—SUPERSTITIONS

This hand of yours requires
 A sequester for liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation, exercise devout. *Othello 3: 4.*

That is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather and answer for her.
 . . . I long
 To have this young one made a Christian. *Hen. VIII. 5: 2.*

God in Heaven forbid
 We should infringe the holy privilege
 Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
 Would I be guilty of so great a sin. *Rich. III. 3: 1.*

Here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels;
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown. . . .
 Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
 I did suppose it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary. *King John 4: 2; 5: 1.*

. . . All his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave-Marias* on his beads:
 His champions are the prophets and apostles;
 His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would, the colleges of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 And set the triple crown upon his head:
 That were a state fit for his holiness. *II Hen. VI. 1: 3.*

Heaven and our gracious Lady hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate: . . .
 God's mother deigned to appear to me;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity.

Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
 Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
 Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee. *I Hen. VI. 1: 2.*

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will

he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? . . .

. . . 1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.*

No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing sage *requiem*, and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls. *Ham.* 5: 1.

REMORSE (SEE CONSCIENCE)

The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. *Macb. 5: 1.*

Yet here's a spot.
Out, damned spot! out, I say! . . .
Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes
Of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!
Macb. 5: 1.

That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further! *Macb. 3: 2.*

. . . Make thick my blood
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark,
 To cry, "Hold, hold!" *Macb.* 1: 5.

Where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemona! dead Desdemona! dead. Oh, oh! *Othello* 5: 2.

You are three men of sin, whom destiny
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. . . .

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
 . . . their great guilt
 Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. *Tempest* 3: 3.

What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot me; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above. *Ham. 3: 3.*

Have mercy Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The light burns blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter:
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, foul perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree:
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard. *Rich. III. 5: 3.*

REPENTANCE—PENITENCE

Woe, that too late repents! *King Lear* 1: 4.

God of his mercy, give you . . . true repentance. *Hen. V.* 2: 2.

Is't enough I am sorry? . . .

Must I repent? *Cymb.* 5: 4.

I do repent me as it is an evil

And like the shame with joy. *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 3.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent. *Rich. III.* 4: 4.

Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;

And I repent my fault more than my death. *Hen. V.* 2: 2.

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. *King John* 4: 1.

I repent. There is no sure foundation set on blood;

No certain life achiev'd by other's death. *King John* 4: 2.

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart. *Rich. II.* 5: 3.

Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is not of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased. *Two Gent.* 5: 4.

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on. . . . but lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;

Showing, we would not serve heaven, as we love it,

But as we stand in fear. *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 3.

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. *Meas. for Meas. 5: 1.*

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! *Ham. 3: 3.*

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise. *Hen. V. 1: 1.*

You . . . have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow; no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass! At the last
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself. *Winter's Tale 5: 1.*

. . . Full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows:
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. . . .
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God. *Hen. VIII. 4: 2.*

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For in the fatness of these pury times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
 Yes, curb and woo, for leave to do him good. *Ham. 3:4.*

O Lord!—O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon. *Hen. V. 4:1.*

Well I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

I Hen. IV. 3:3.

REVENGE—CURSES—HATE

If you will have revenge from hell you shall. *Titus And. 4:3.*

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven? *Rich. III. 1:3.*

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. *Troi. and Cress. 5:11.*

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death? *Rom. and Jul. 5:3*

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal Kingdom
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. *Titus And. 5:2.*

Curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head. *Titus And. 2: 3.*

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd. *King John 4: 3.*

Heaven's is the quarrel; . . .

Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift

An angry arm against his minister. *Rich. II. 2: 2.*

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow. *III Hen. VI. 2: 2.*

. . . Revenge upon you all

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with. *III Hen. VI. 1: 4.*

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,

But neither my good word, nor princely favor:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never shew thy head by day nor light. *Rich II. 5: 6.*

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over this mortal body. . . .

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell. *Rich. III. 1: 2.*

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead;

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick. *Rich. III. 1: 2.*

Here on my knees I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still,

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me a measure of revenge. *III Hen. VI. 2: 3.*

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee? *Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth. *Titus And. 4: 1.*

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor. *Mer. of Ven. 4: 1.*

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence. *Rich. II. 3: 2.*

Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life. *King John 3: 1.*

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends! *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do 't:—and so he goes to heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send to heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May,
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?—No.
 Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid bent.
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
 Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
 That has no relish of salvation in 't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. *Ham.* 3: 3.

If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. . . If you wrong us, shall we not revenge? . . . If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. *Mer. of Ven.* 3:1.

SALVATION

Relent, and save your souls. *Rich. III.* 1: 4.

In the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. *Mer. of Ven.* 4: 1.

Heaven's above all, and there be souls must be
 Saved, and there be souls must not be saved. *Othello* 2: 3.

As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread King, that took our state upon him
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse. *II Hen. VI.* 3: 2.

—It were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.
Much Ado 3: 3.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd
 And not neglected; else if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse. *Rich. II.* 3: 2.

SATAN—DEVIL

Th' eternal Devil to keep his state. *Jul. Caesar* 1: 2.

No man means evil but the devil. *Merry Wives* 5: 2.

By the devil's illusions the monk might be deceiv'd. *Hen. VIII.* 1: 2.

There is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.
II Hen. IV. 2: 4.

Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer.
Mer. of Ven. 3: 1.

Nay, if the devil have given thee proof for sin
 Thou wilt prove his. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 2.

The black prince, alias, the prince of darkness;
 Alias, the devil. *All's Well* 4: 5.

An angel is not evil;
 I should have fear'd her had she been a devil. *Love's Labor* 5: 2.

. . . Let the devil
 Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne. *Meas. for Meas.* 5: 1.

. . . Shame the devil,
 By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil. *I Hen. IV.* 3: 1.

. . . Are you a man?
 Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appal the
 devil. *Mach.* 3: 4.

I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—

This cardinal is no more haughty than the devil. *I Hen. VI. 1: 3.*

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him fell,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

Who knows no touch of mercy; cannot feel,

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages and alleys, creeks and narrow lands:

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Com. of Err. 4: 2.

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal:

. . . he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Who? God?

Ay, sir.

The devil it is, that's thy master. *All's Well 2: 3.*

. . . How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him? . . . the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due. *I Hen. IV. 1: 2.*

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Master, is this mistress Satan?

It is the devil.

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; . . . It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn. . . . Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. . . .

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. *Com. of Err. 4: 3.*

SCRIPTURES, THE

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Mer. of Ven.* 1: 3.

How dost thou understand the Scriptures?
The Scripture says, Adam digged. *Ham.* 5: 1.

His champions are the prophets and Apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ. *II Hen. VI.* 1: 3.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the zealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Othello* 3: 3.

The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermixed
With scruples, and do set forth the faith itself
Against the faith.¹ *Rich. II.* 5: 5.

SIN—SINNERS

Think on thy sins. *Othello* 5: 2.

I know it is a sin to be a mocker. *Mer. of Ven.* 1: 2.

God forgive the sin of all those souls. *King John* 2: 1.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. *Timon.* 3: 5.

Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves. *Timon* 1: 2.

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 1.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. *II Hen. VI.* 5: 3.

. . . If the devil have given thee proofs for sin. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 2.

¹"The Faith" is used here in the sense of "The Word." (See Bishop Wordsworth and others.)

All offences come from the heart. *Hen. V. 4: 8.*

She is proud. . . It was Eve's legacy. *Two Gent. 3: 1.*

So should I give consent to flatter sin. *I Hen. VI. 5: 5.*

Sin ne'er gives a fee,—He gratis comes. *Lucrece, St. 131.*

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge. *King John 1: 1.*

Wickedness is sin and sin is damnation. *As You Like It 3: 2.*

If it be a sin to make a true election she is damned. *Cymb. 1: 3.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 1.*

And he (bears) the burden of a guilty mind. *Lucrece, St. 105.*

Self-love . . is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting. *Hen. V. 2: 4.*

Look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children.

Mer. of Ven. 3: 5.

. . . In thy orisons

Be all thy sins remember'd. *Ham. 3: 1.*

I am a man

More sinned against than sinning. *King Lear 3: 2.*

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal. *Much Ado 4: 1.*

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit

Can comprehend in still imagination. *Lucrece, St. 101.*

But no perfection is so absolute

That some impurity doth not pollute. *Lucrece, St. 122.*

You are a made old man; if the sins of

Your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.

Winter's Tale 3: 3.

I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself. *Rich. II. 4: 1.*

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by him. *Lucrece, St. 126.*

. . . Self-love, which is the most inhibited (forbidden) sin in the
canon. *All's Well 1: 1.*

. . . Only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. *All's Well 1: 3.*

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom. *Lucrece, St. 132.*

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways? *II Hen. IV. 4: 4.*

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution; . . .
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight. *Lucrece, St. 51.*

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin. *Lucrece, St. 49.*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother. *Lucrece, St. 91.*

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. *Macb. 4: 3.*

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
 I left him well. *King John* 4: 3.

Where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
 With meditations lawful? *Othello* 3: 3.

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
 . . . he's not only plagued for her sin
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague. *King John* 2: 1.

For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth to so harsh a chime. . . .
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act; . . .

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight. *Pericles* 1: 1.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us.

Ham. 3: 1.

SIN, INSECURITY AND EFFECTS OF

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
 And all their ministers attend on him. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

. . . They say, blood will have blood;
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak. *Macb. 3: 4.*

But O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinner's minds. *Rom. and Jul. 3: 2.*

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot
 Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.
Meas. for Meas. 4: 4.

. . . The times conspire with you:
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue. *King John 3: 4.*

Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed. . . .
 Well, I'll go hide this body in some hole,
 Till that the duke give order for his burial;
 And when I have my meed, I will away;
 For this will not, and then I must not stay. *Rich. III. 1: 4.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt. *Ham.* 4: 5.

The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times, he stands disgrac'd:
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual:
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.
 (See Lust.)

Lucrece, St. 102-104.

SIN, TENDENCY AND DECEITFULNESS OF

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke. *Pericles* 1: 1.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency. *Troi. and Cres.* 4: 4.

Heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show! *Sonnet* 93.

I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin. *Rich. III. 4: 2.*

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career? *Hen. V. 3: 3.*

. . . . To persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Troi. and Cres. 2: 2.*

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry? *Timon 3: 5.*

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Macb. 4: 3.*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days. *Sonnet 62.*

SLANDER—MALICE

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes. *Ham. I. 3.*

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear. *Rich. II. I. 1.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that lies here. *Much Ado 5:3.*

I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin. *I Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

Slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession. *Com. of Err. 3: 1.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
calumny. *Ham. 3: 1.*

God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion. *II Hen. VI. 3: 2.*

What, cardinal, is your priest-hood grown peremptory?
Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it? *II Hen. VI. 2: 1.*

O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar. *Rich. II. I: 1.*

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime. *Sonnet 70.*

So, happy, slander,
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air. *Ham. 4: 1.*

Traduced by ignorant tongues, . . . let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers. *Hen. VIII. 1: 2.*

The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—
 That mercy does, for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, "she's goodly," come between,
 Ere you can say "she's honest." *Winter's Tale 2: 1.*

I say thou hast belied my innocent child;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart;
 And she lies buried with her ancestors:
 O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy,
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains. *Much Ado 5: 1.*

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed. *Othello 3: 3.*

No; 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. *Cymb. 3:4.*

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes; What king so strong,
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue! *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 2.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that. *Othello* 3: 3.

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander. . . .
 . . . I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else. *Othello* 4: 2.

O that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to
 take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmiti-
 gated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in
 the market-place. *Much Ado* 4: 2.

SORROW—GRIEF—SYMPATHY

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. *Rich. II.* 1: 2.

Sweet are the uses of adversity. *As You Like It* 2: 1.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Rom. and Jul.* 2: 2.

This sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love. *Othello* 5: 2.

. . . It is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury. *Sonnet* 40.

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less. *Cymb.* 4:2.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. *Ham.* 4: 7.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed, as his inheritor. *Per.* 1: 4.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ham.* 4: 5.

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders. *Titus And.* 2: 5.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. *Macb.* 4: 3.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours;—
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night. *Rich. III.* 1: 4.

But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like the mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. *Troi. and Cres.* 1: 1.

Therefore be merry since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus: Some good thing comes to-morrow.
I Hen. IV. 4: 2.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief were both extermin'd.
As You Like It 3: 5.

Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd. *Lucrece, St.* 159.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. *King Lear* 3: 6.

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
 . . . And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
 But sorrow flouted at is double death. *Titus And.* 3: 1.

Men can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel: but tasting it
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words. *Much Ado* 5: 1.

'Tis sweet and commendable . . .
 In filial obligation for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd. *Ham.* 1: 2.

Grief fills the room up of an absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do. . . .
 . . . O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! *King John* 3: 4.

There are numerous references to "God" and "Heaven" as the source of comfort and help in affliction. News is brought to Henry VI. that all his possessions in France were lost as a result of war and he exclaims:—"Cold news; but God's will be done!" *II Hen. VI.* 3: 1.

The Duke of Buckingham is informed that he is arrested on a charge of high treason and he answers:—"The will of heaven—
 Be done in this, and all things! I obey." *Hen. VIII.* 1: 1.

You do surely but bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friends. *Ham.* 3: 2.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief is the enemy of the living. *All's Well* 1: 1.

SOUL

O God! I have an ill-divining soul. *Rom. and Jul.* 3: 5.

My soul shall wait on thee to heaven. *King John* 5: 7.

. . . The immortal part needs a physician. *II Hen. IV.* 2: 2.

. . . Take my soul: my body, soul, and all. *I Hen. VI.* 5: 3.

O! God defend my soul from such deep sin. *Rich. II.* 1: 1.

Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? *Merry Wives* 2: 2.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.
Hen. V. 4: 1.

I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril. *Winter's Tale* 2: 3.

Banquo, thy soul's flight
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. *Macb.* 3: 2.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will. *King John* 3: 4.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives. *Rom. and Jul.* 5: 1.

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not. *I Hen. IV.* 1: 3.

I'll send some holy bishop to entreat,
For God forbid, so many simple souls should perish by the sword!
II Hen. VI. 4: 4.

Sweet rest to his soul!— . . . Warwick bids
You all farewell to meet in heaven. *III Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing. *III Hen. VI. 2: 6.*

Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls
must not be saved. *Othello 2: 3.*

I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body. *Much Ado 4: 1.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Ham. 1: 4.*

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Tears and despairs. *Hen. VIII. 2: 2.*

For what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven. *Rich. II. 1: 1.*

This is All-Souls' day, is it not?
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul. *Rich. III. 4: 1.*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul.
. . . O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you. *Othello 3: 3.*

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still 'quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls. *Mer. of Ven. 5: 1.*

Isabel. I had rather give my body than my soul.

Angelo. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 4.*

I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven
If heaven will take the present at our hands. *Rich. III. 1: 1.*

It is too late! the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality. . . .
. . . 'Tis strange, that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest. . . .
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. *King John 5: 7.*

(See also Sonnet 146 at close of chapter on Immortality—Book Third.)

SUICIDE

O that the everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self slaughter! *Ham. 1: 2.*

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself. *Jul. Caesar 1: 3.*

Against self slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. *Cymb. 3: 4.*

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time. . . .
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death! *Ham. 3: 1.*

Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? *Ant. and Cleo. 4: 13.*

Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose. *Rom. and Jul. 3: 3.*

Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile.
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those high powers,
That govern us below. *Jul. Caesar 5: 1.*

TEMPTATION.

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve. *Love's Labor 5: 2.*

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light. *Love's Labor 4: 3.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! *King John 4: 2.*

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 1.*

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good. *Rich. III. 4: 4.*

. . . the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. *King John 3: 1.*

Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power! *King John 5: 6.*

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death? *Rich. III. 4: 2.*

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency. *Troi. and Cres. 4: 4.*

It is hypocrisy against the devil
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven. *Othello 4: 1.*

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.¹ . . .
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. *Meas. for Meas. 2: 2.*

Love is familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. *Love's Labor 1: 2.*

¹"The petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' is here considered as crossing or intercepting the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting." Hudson's Notes on Shakspeare.

TESTIMONY OF THE DYING

O but they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
 For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
 He that no more must say, is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
 More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before. *Rich. II. 2: 1.*

Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But when they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell: . . . God forgive me. *Hen. VIII. 2: 1.*

TREASON—TREACHERY—BETRAYAL

Trust not him that hath once broken faith. *III Hen. VI. 4: 4.*

Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

My name

Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best.¹ *Winter's Tale 1: 2.*

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors and the truth! *Titus And. 4: 1.*

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

¹The folio gives the word "Best" with a capital letter. The allusion is to Judas's betrayal of Jesus.

A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd Judas? *Love's Labor* 5: 2.

Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. *Hen. VIII.* 1: 2.

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God. *Rich. II.* 1: 3.

Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself. *As You Like It* 1: 3.

His treasons will sit blushing in his face
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin. *Rich. II.* 3: 2.

Like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth. *Rich. II.* 1: 1.

This word rebellion, it had froze them up
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts. *II Hen. IV.* 1: 1.

I well remember
The favors¹ of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one. *Rich. II.* 4: 1.

What I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live. *Rich. II.* 1: 1.

¹ Features.

If ever I were a traitor
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banished as from hence!
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know. *Rich. II. 1: 3.*

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
 Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
 I will perform with a most Christian care.
 But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
 Meet for rebellion,
 Heaven, and not we hath safely fought to-day.—
 Some guard these traitors to the block of death:
 Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. *II Hen. IV. 4: 2.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke—
 did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence. *I Hen. IV. 5: 5.*

At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves, as corrupt,
 To swear against you? such things have been done:
 You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween (think) you of better luck,
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? *Hen. VIII. 5: 1.*

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practic'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,

That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural course,
 That admiration did not whoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colors, and with forms, being fetch'd
 From glistening semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 . . . O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou. *Hen. V. 2: 2.*

TRUTH

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Rich. II. 1: 3.*

Truth loves open dealing. *Hen. VIII. 3: 1.*

Truth makes all things plain. *Mid. Night Dr. 5: 1.*

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth! *Rich. III. 1: 2.*

Delight no less in truth than life. *Macb. 4: 3.*

Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it. *Two Gent. 2: 2.*

There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. *Timon 4: 3.*

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man. *Ham. 1: 3.*

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day. *Rich. III. 3: 1.*

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness. *All's Well 4: 2.*

I can teach thee, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence;
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil. *I Hen. IV. 3: 1.*

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
. do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And hide the false seems true. *Meas. for Meas. 5: 1.*

VIRTUE—CHASTITY

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition. *II Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. *II Hen. VI. 3: 1.*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. *Titus And. 1: 2.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.*

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil. *Twelfth Night 3: 4.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *All's Well* 1: 1.

Virtue, as it never will be mov'd
Though lewdness court it in shape of heaven. *Ham.* 1: 5.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified. *Rom. and Jul.* 2: 3.

Virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin that amends,
is but patched with virtue. *Twelfth Night* 1: 5.

My chastity is the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. *All's Well* 4: 2.

If any wretch have put this in your head.
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander. *Othello* 4: 2.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. *Meas. for Meas.* 1: 1.

Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing had been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame. . . .
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever. . . .
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.
More than our brother is our chastity. *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 4.

But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone.
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense,
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence. *Sonnet, St. 93, 94.*

 I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. *Pericles 3: 2.*

 Let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was!
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service.
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time. *Troi. and Cres. 3: 3.*

Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace,
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits:
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven. *I Hen. VI. 5: 4.*

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness
 that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace being
 the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.

Meas. for Meas. 3: 1.

WAR

There are few die well that die in a battle. *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

The peace of Heaven is theirs that left their swords
 In such a just and charitable war. *King John 2: 1.*

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine. *King John 2: 1.*

How you awake the sleeping sword of war,
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed. *Hen. V. 1: 2.*

O war! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valor.—O! let the vile world end. *II Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

Now, let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act,
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead! *II Hen. IV. 1: 1.*

In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war. *Rich. III. 5: 2.*

You, lord archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and report of war? *II Hen. IV. 4: 1.*

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants,
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. *Hen. V. 3: 3.*

If I demand

What rub, or what impediment, there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, lift up her lovely visage?
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
 Like prisoners wildlly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs:
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural. *Hen. V. 5: 2.*

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
 Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind,
 Now, one the better, then, another best;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory;
 . . . if God's good will were so;
 For what is in this world but grief and woe?
 . . . Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,

Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear,
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

. . . . Is this a foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—¹

Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart

Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—

O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late. *III Hen. VI. 2: 5.*

There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
 doth relish the petition well that prays for peace. *Meas. for Meas. 1: 2.*

There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it comes to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: War is his beadle, war is his vengeance. *Hen. V. 4: 1.*

¹The dreadful incidents of war are most graphically portrayed in this scene. Especially pathetic are the above passages in which a son discovers his father whom he has slain and a father discovers that he has killed his only son.

WEALTH: ILL-GOTTEN—HOARDED (See Gold)

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
 For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. *Meas. for Meas.* 3: 1.

. . . Didst thou never hear,
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 And would my father had left me no more;
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure. *III Hen. VI.* 2: 2.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they possess,
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;
 As life for honor in fell battles' rage:
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect
 The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it. *Lucrece, St.* 21, 22.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down? *Lucrece*, St. 31.

WOMAN (See Marriage)

She hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outells them all. *Cymb.* 3: 5.

. . . Women are frail too.
 Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women!—Help, heaven! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
 For we are soft as our complexions are
 And credulous to false prints. *Meas. for Meas.* 2: 4

She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
 She sat like patience on a monument
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love. *Twelfth Night* 2: 4

. . . . Let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
 A woman, (I dare say without vain-glory,)
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the King? lov'd him next Heaven? obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience. *Hen. VIII. 3: 1.*

WORLD, THE

O wicked, wicked world! *Merry Wives 2: 1.*

O, how full of briars is this working-day world! *As You Like It 1: 3.*

. . . The world's grown honest!
 Then is dooms-day near. *Ham. 2: 2.*

. . . those mysteries, which heaven
 Will not have earth to know. *Corio. 4: 2.*

The world has grown so bad
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

World, world, O world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age. *King Lear 4: 1.*

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable! to do good, sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. *Macb. 4: 2.*

Why this—
 Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
 Is every flatterer's part. *Timon 3: 2.*

. . . . The world is but a word;
 Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone? *Timon 2: 2.*

You have too much respect upon the world
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.
 . . . I hold the world but as the world
 A stage, where every man plays a part. *Mer. of Ven. 1: 1.*

This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
 Wherein we play in. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. *As You Like It* 2: 7.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

O, good old man! how well in thee appears
 The constant favor of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having. *As You Like It* 2: 3.

I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humors like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word;
 As thus,—“Come, little ones;” and then again,—
 “It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.” *Rich. II.* 5: 5.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine
 ears. *King Lear* 4: 6.

WORLDLY HONORS AND GLORY (See Life)

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart. *Love's Labor 4: 1.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship? *Timon 4: 2.*

By him that rais'd me to this careful height. . . .
 I had rather be a country servant—maid
 Than a great queen, with this condition
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at
 Small joy have I in being England's queen. *Rich. III. 1: 3.*

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must. . . .
 Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. *III Hen. VI. 5: 2.*

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. . . .
 . . . There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If it affect it more,

Than as your honor, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 O! let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead, . . .
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable:
 But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up." . . .
 God knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head. *II Hen. IV. 4: 4.*

BOOK FIFTH

Shakspeare and Temperance

SHAKSPEARE AND TEMPERANCE

If, as has been said, "Shakspeare was no reformer," it is true only of the man. The Genius Shakspeare was not only true to the spirit of reform, but was, in advance, a prophecy of events not dreamed of by the practical world, until generations after him. Shakspeare's genius, like all genius, was not bounded by the narrow, and sometimes soiled, limits of its messenger.

Burns, for example, was truer to the truth as a poet than as a man. His noblest poems are as the voice of a prophet proclaiming against hypocrisy, cant, and vice; or as the angel song of purity and love and are immeasurably loftier and truer than the man. If we would see the spirit of his poetic genius we will visit with him, the "Cotter's Saturday Night," rather than with the man who spent more than his leisure hours in the beer-house.

Genius anticipates reform; long before old prejudices are swept away and great evils are openly attacked it foretells the coming event and foreshadows the issue of the contest. Enthusiasm incarnated, fulfills the prophecy. Some day when, perhaps, the voice of the Seer has long been silent and is almost forgotten, the Reformer appears, and in him is the incarnation of the great past foretelling.

In Shakspeare's day there was no thought of a social uprising, based upon the practice of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages. Yet the genius of the dramatist was contemporary, in advance, with Lyman Beecher, Frederic R. Lees, and John B. Gough, two hundred years before those temperance apostles were born. Not even modern temperance literature, or the most impassioned speech of the present-day orator, has ever spoken in terms of more uncompromising condemnation of strong drink, and nowhere can be found finer testimony of the advantages of temperance than is given in some of the plays of Shakspeare.

Of course in these great works which present all the passions and emotions of the human race, as upon the stage, there are to be found words in praise of wine, and even of debauchery and gross vice; but such praise is from the mouths of men whose words condemn the thing they praise.

Falstaff, for example, is a representative of that class of men who

glory in the revels of feasting, drinking, and debauchery,—who seem to be merry only in the gratification of their sensuous nature. In one of his drunken, rollicking moods, this man sounds the praise of liquor in the peculiar style of that age which Shakspeare has so faithfully portrayed:—

“A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver’d o’er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff’d up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it in act and use. . . . If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.” *II Henry IV. 4: 3.*

No one having any regard for his reputation, would venture to quote, with approval, a doctrine that would make it a “first principle” of life to teach our sons *how to get drunk*.

But to those who will study Shakspeare’s full-length portrait of this singular specimen of humorous dishonor and corruption there is no need of warning. Consistent with the Falstaff character is the following absurd tirade on the subject of “honor:”—

Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o’ Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I’ll none of it: Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *I Henry IV. 5: 1.*

“Fools make a mock at sin” but with the end comes judgment. King Henry IV. answers Falstaff’s over-friendly salute thus:—

“I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream’d of such a kind of man.
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;

But being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men. *II Hen. IV. 3: 5.*

Human language has never been framed in a more forceful indictment of strong drink as a factor of the greatest crimes than is found in the plays of Macbeth and Othello.

When the magnitude of his contemplated crime produces in Macbeth a fear of failure, the use of drink as a potent agent is thus suggested by his guilty partner, Lady Macbeth:—

“When Duncan is asleep, . . . his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,¹
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck² only: When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell.”³ *Macb. 1: 7.*

Similar is the thought of the villain Iago in the play of Othello, as he exclaims:—

“If I can but fasten one cup upon him
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
 As my young mistress's dog.” *Othello 2: 3.*

Following up his scheme of ruin, Iago leads the night-revel and succeeds in producing in Cassio, a condition of drunkenness which puts him into a quarrelsome mood. Othello is disturbed by the midnight riot and, angry with Cassio (the seeming cause of it) he dismisses him from his office. Then follows a conversation in which Iago hypocritically professes sympathetic interest in Cassio's welfare, while Cassio himself condemns his own intoxicated condition in the bitterest terms:—

“*Iago.* What, are you hurt lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself and what remains is bestial. . . . Drunk? and

¹ Overpower. ² Alembic,—a glass used for distilling. ³ Murder.

speaking parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy into their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

To which, Iago in the pretense of sincere friendship, urging Cassio to appeal to Othello for restoration to his lost position in the army, says:—

"I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your good."

And Cassio replies:—

"I shall ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all. To be a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil." *Othello* 2: 3.

In the play of *MACBETH* several references are made to the ruinous effects of intemperance. Macduff, referring not to the intemperance of drinking only, but to the lack of self-restraint, says:—

"Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings." *Macb.* 4: 3.

Lady Macbeth's thought that with "wine and wassail" she could so overpower the sleeping guards of Duncan: "that memory the warder of the brain shall be a fume and the receipt of reason a limbeck only" is indorsed by the hunting lord in the induction to the *TAMING OF THE SHREW*. Finding a drunken tailor sleeping in the street, he asks:—

"What's here? one dead, or drunk? see he breathe?"

And the answer is:—

"He breathes: were he not warm'd with ale
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly."

The lord looks at the gross and stupid body and exclaims:—

"O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!"

And then he determines to play upon the intoxicated brain of the sot and make him believe, when he awakens, that he is not Sly, the drunken tailor, but a rich lord, possessing in abundance, all he can desire, having many servants to wait his orders and obey his commands.

Hardly less humorous is the attempt of Cassio to persuade himself that he is not drunk. How it calls to mind the ludicrous attempt which men, sometimes, make to walk straight when under the influence of drink:—

“Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;— this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough and speak well enough.” *Othello* 2: 3.

The corrupting and enslaving nature of strong drink is illustrated in *THE TEMPEST*, where the poor half-savage Caliban, who has been a kind of savage King of an island, is reduced, by drink, to the most abject slavery and in this condition he avows himself the slave of the man who supplies him with liquor. He says:—

“I’ll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.”

“I’ll shew thee every fertile inch o’ the island; and I will kiss thy foot; I prithee, be my god.”

“I’ll shew thee the best springs; I’ll pluck thee berries; I’ll fish for thee and get thee wood.” *The Tempest* 2: 2.

And when, too late, the poor wretch discovers how he has been fooled,—he cries:—

“What a thrice double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool.” *The Tempest* 5: 1.

The dehumanizing effects of strong drink are fearfully portrayed in the person of the convict Barnadine, in *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*:—

“A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what’s past, present or to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.”

Barnadine is past all hope of man according to the Provost of the jail. He is so brutalized by liquor that he has been indifferent, even to the execution of the death penalty:—

"He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all. *Meas. for Meas. 4: 2.*

Yet there is some soul left, even in one so deeply damned as Barnadine, for when the Friar-Duke comes to bid him prepare for execution he says:—

"Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain."

And the Friar says:—

"A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable." *Meas. for Meas. 4: 3.*

In the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, Portia (one of Shakspeare's sweetest and brightest of women) expresses contempt for the man who drinks, and at the same time shows that a man addicted to drinking will face the devil and hell to get liquor. The scene is laid in a room in Portia's house, where she converses with her maid, Nerissa, upon the respective qualities of various suitors for her hand and fortune:—

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.

Ner. If he should offer to choose and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and the temptation without I know he will choose it." *Mer. of Ven. 1: 2.*

The banquet scene on Pompey's galley, in *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA* is a bacchanalian orgy. An attendant in carrying off Lepidus is said to bear "a third part of the world." "The third part then is drunk," says one.

The French had a conceit that they were more vivacious and lively than the English and that this difference ought to give them an advantage in battle. They attributed this difference, in part, to the use, by

the English, of beer in contrast with the wines which they used. The Constable of France says:—

“*Dieu de batailles!* Where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull
On whom as in despite the sun looks pale
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water
A drench for sur-rein’d jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty?” *Hen. V. 3: 5.*

The worse than beastliness of drunkenness is thus referred to: —

“Drunken desire must vomit his receipt
Ere he can see his own abomination.” *Lucrece, St. 97.*

A boy, servant to Nym, one of the rowdy followers of Falstaff, describes his master thus:—

“... his few bad words are match’d with his few bad deeds; for ’a never broke a man’s head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. *Hen. V. 3: 2.*

In MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR a contemptible faction, with Falstaff as their leader, is referred to, and this same Nym is one of the party:—

“Marry sir, I have matters in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket . . . though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass. . . . I’ll ne’er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I’ll be drunk with those that fear God, and not with drunken knaves.” *Merry Wives 1: 1.*

An odd conceit surely, that one may be drunk, without harm, if only in the company of the “godly,”—those who “fear God,” but it illustrates a current thought of those times and one not yet entirely obsolete.

It is Nym also who, contemptuously, says of one of the drinking crew:—

“He was gotten in drink.” *Merry Wives 1: 3.*

In answer to the question—“What’s a drunken man like?” a clown answers:—

"Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool: the second mads him; and a third drowns him." *Twelfth Night* 1: 5.

'And in *ROMEO AND JULIET* we have this description:—

"Thou are like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need."

The ill effects of wine and strong drink are variously described, or alluded to, in the following passages:—

"I'll heat his blood with Rhenish wine to-night." *Troi. and Cres.* 5:1.

"Thou are going to Lord Timon's feast . . . to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools." *Timon* 1: 1.

"Now in madness

Being full of supper and distempering draughts

Upon malicious knavery, dost thou come,

To start my quiet." *Othello* 1: 1.

It seems that the idea prevailed in Shakspeare's day, as it does yet, that clemency should be extended toward one who commits a crime when drunk, for in *KING HENRY V.* we have this:—

"Enlarge the man committed yesterday

That rail'd against our person: we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on;

And, on his more advice, we pardon him. *Hen. V.* 2: 2.

We have seen, in *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*, how that the culprit was permitted to continue in a sottish condition, even when in the condemned cell, and how his drunkenness was made a plea for putting off his execution. Timon of Athens alludes to the same thought in his harangue against thieves:—

"Rascal thieves

Here's gold. Go suck the subtle blood o' the grape

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth

And so 'scape hanging." *Timon* 4: 3.

The custom of social drinking and of drinking in hospitality, is thus referred to:—

"I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment." . . . "I have drunk but one

cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness any more." *Othello* 2: 3.

"To my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-head revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition."

Ham. 1: 4.

The splendid advantages of a temperate life to health and morals is nobly set forth in the language of good old Adam in *AS YOU LIKE IT*. The old hero says:—

"Though I look old yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter
Frosty but kindly." *As You Like It* 2: 3.

This reminds us forcibly of Milton:—

"O, madness to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

Samson Agonistes.

Shakspeare further testifies of the virtues of temperance:—

"Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires."

Hen. VIII. 1: 1.

The following words, addressed by Hamlet to his mother, refer to another evil than that of drinking, but are equally applicable to the virtue and power of abstinence of strong drink:—

" . . . refrain
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency." *Hamlet* 3: 4.

This also is a tribute to the value of temperance:—

“For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.”

Mer. of Ven. 1: 2.

To the praise of water as a beverage we have this passage which makes an admirable sentiment or “toast” at a feast:—

“Here’s that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water which ne’er left man i’ the mire.”

Tim. of Athens 1: 2.

Thus, Shakspeare witnessed against the use of strong drink on all the grounds of experience, physiology, and morals, and recognized with high approval the practice of abstinence, long before any organized society for that purpose was in existence.

The poet Cowper went still further. He saw the evil not only in the use and customs of society, but also in the chief corner-stone of the whole devil’s structure of the drinking system,—the licensed saloon—and he satirized the iniquitous system thus:—

“The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot. The ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold, for Parliament to vote away.
Gloriously drunk—obey the important call;
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.”

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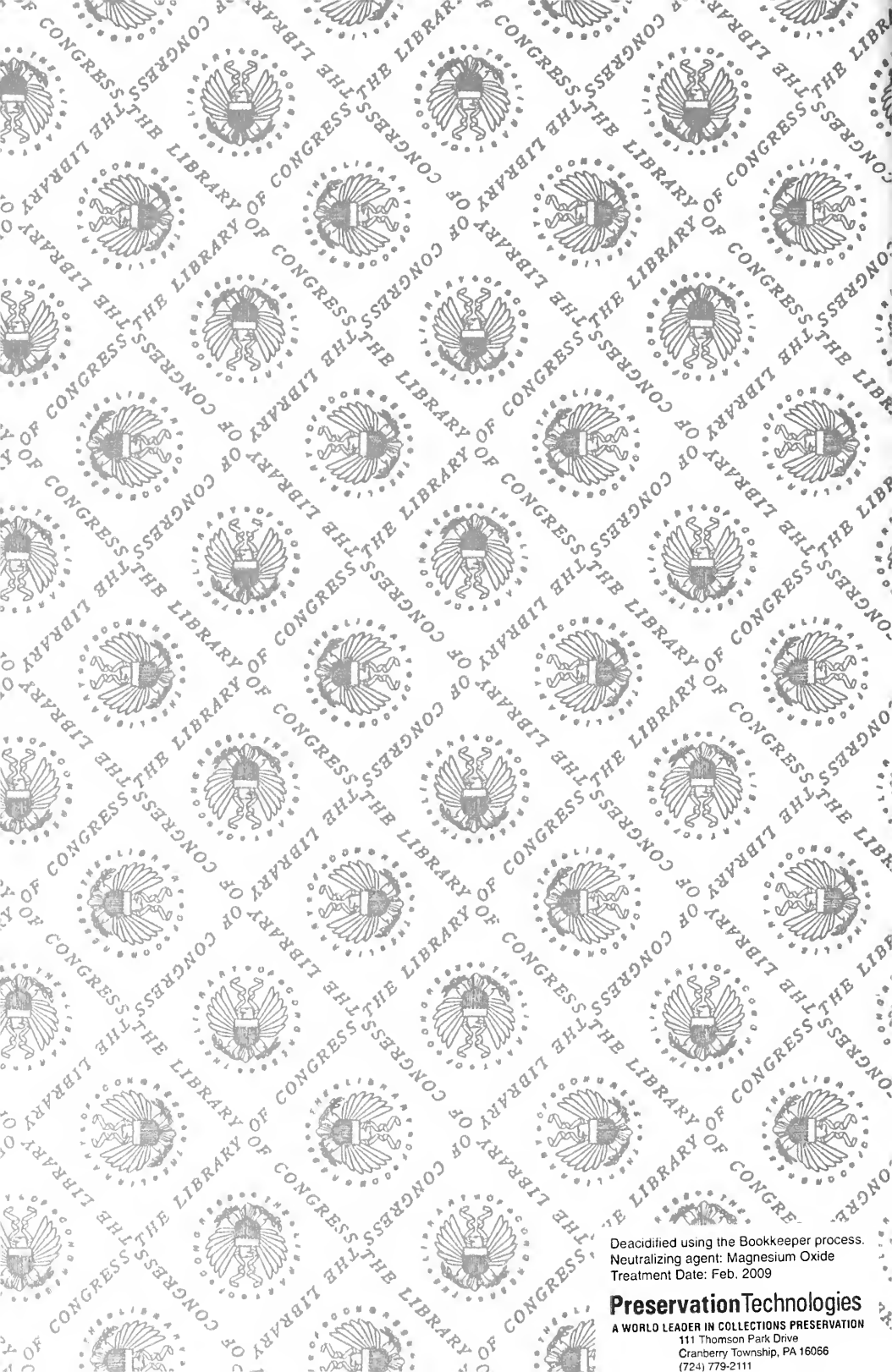
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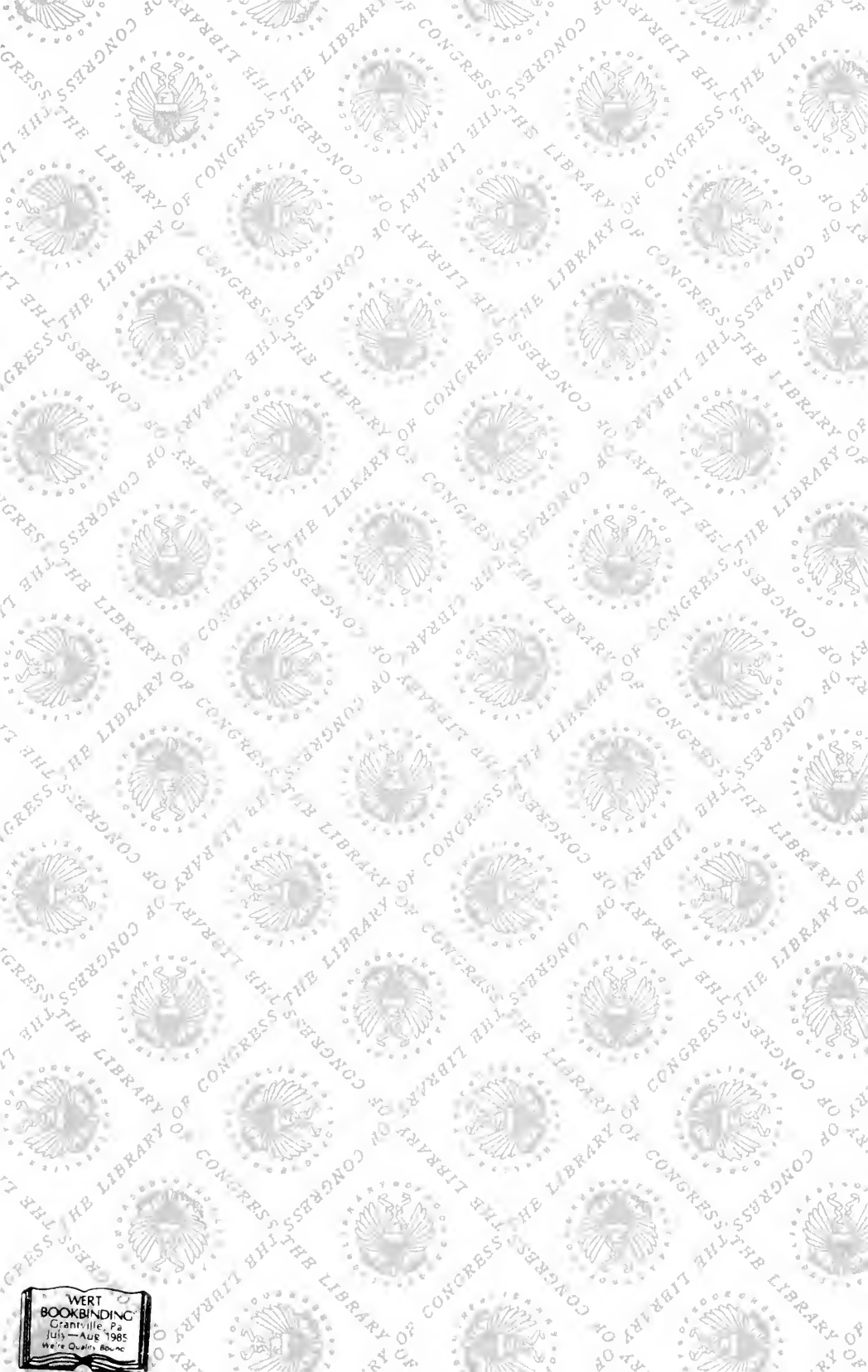


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